Saturday Review

JULY 8, 1961 / 25¢

COMMUNICATIONS

HOW F.D.R. DID HIS HOMEWORK

By Henry Field

ENSON'S REVOLUTION T THE HERALD TRIBUNE

y Robert Shaplen

FTER EICHMANN: USTICE AND THE JEWS

y T. S. Matthews

Theodore H. White, author of "The Making of the President" (See Books)

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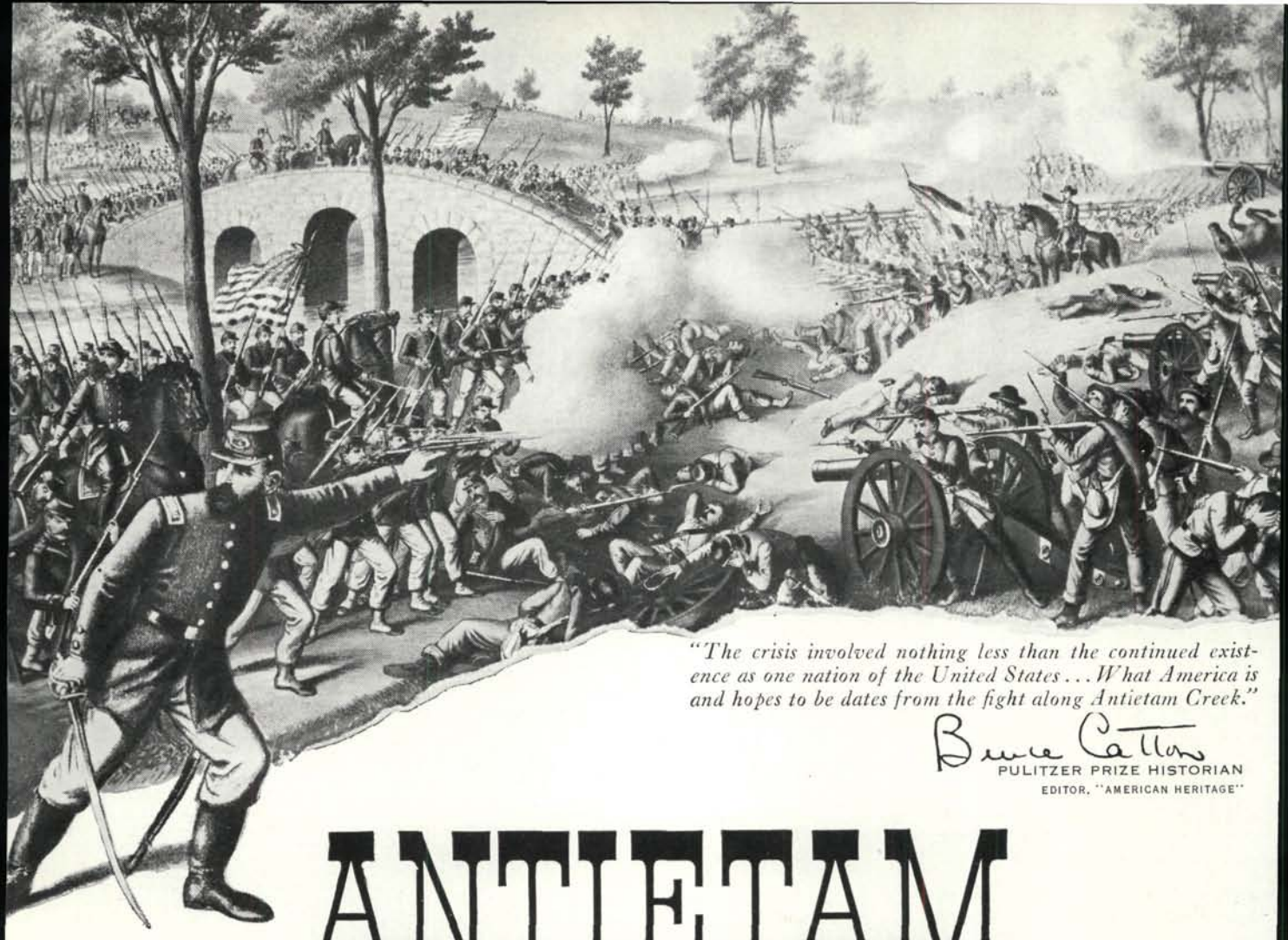

"The crisis involved nothing less than the continued existence as one nation of the United States . . . What America is and hopes to be dates from the fight along Antietam Creek."

Bruce Catton
PULITZER PRIZE HISTORIAN
EDITOR, "AMERICAN HERITAGE"

ANTIETAM

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Come to Sharpsburg, Maryland, and stand where that artist stood. You will be pleased by how well the National Park Service has preserved and marked the battlefield as a tribute to the courage on both sides. The sapling by the bridge is much larger now, *but so is history's judgment of this battle.* In '62, many thought Antietam indecisive. We know now it saved the Union.

If a Confederate staff officer had not lost a copy of Lee's marching plans, Antietam would not have been fought. But a Union volunteer found the orders, wrapped carelessly around three cigars, and this battle blazed into history. Its legends have become immortal: white-haired Barbara Frietchie defying "Stonewall" Jackson, Clara Barton (who later founded the American Red Cross) saving lives under fire. And, poignant symbol of war's heartbreak, Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes searching among the wounded for the young Union captain who lived to interpret, as a Justice of the U. S. Supreme Court, *the laws of the nation he gave his blood to defend.*

Men died at Antietam to save the American idea and all that it might mean. Many are buried here. Stand by their graves with your head bowed and gratitude in your heart. And bear this in mind: our generation, too, faces perils to its freedoms. May it find inspiration to measure up to the courage and devotion, North and South, *to which this battlefield is now a proud memorial.*

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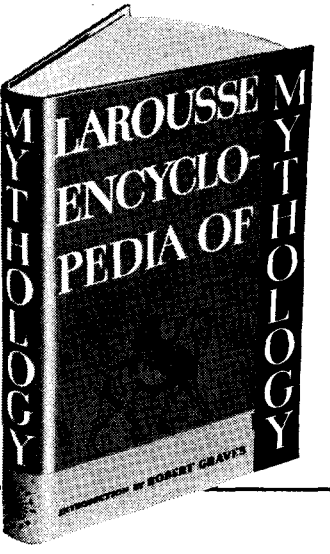

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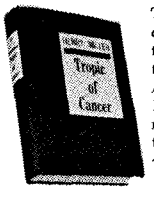

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Is it shameful to confess that I sometimes get to wondering what a book is supposed to be?

Probably. Yet nearly every editor is faced with the problem. And in an era of paperbooks small and low-priced, large and high-priced; of multi-volume productions at several hundred dollars the set; and of a certain amount of cranky, yet necessary talk about "non-books," the matter hasn't been made easier.

A rectangular object arrived today which caused me to think that it might be a book. It isn't Literature, though it's well written. *How Does It Work?* asks the title. Then it shows us how—how toasters and television sets, flywheels and fuses, percussion instruments, X-rays and relays, do what they do. There are hundreds of clear, simple drawings.

Is it a book? Well, I think so. One kind of book, at least. It offers information, responsibly and reasonably presented, and a lot of it in permanent form for under four dollars. And it has purpose.

"There are men," says the author, Richard M. Koff, "who can get that extra bit of economy out of their cars, who can coax a little bit more push out of an offshore breeze, and who can get a lock unfrozen and a zipper unstuck neatly and quietly in an emergency—just because they know what makes the world around them run." I'm not one of them. But now there's a book for me. And somehow, I suspect that the world around me might run better because another book, however humble, has appeared.

L. L. Day
EDITOR-AT-LARGE

How Does It Work? ($3.95) by Richard M. Koff is published by Doubleday & Company, 575 Madison Avenue, New York 22, New York. Copies may be obtained from your local bookseller or from any of the 30 Doubleday Bookshops, one of which is located at The Old Corner Book Stores, 46 Bromfield St., Boston 7, Massachusetts.

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THE PHOENIX NEST

Edited by Martin Levin

Without Whom . . .

G.S.K.

GEORGE KAUFMAN died in the room in which he wrote. It is a very small room with a narrow, Spartan-like bed, a chair, a bookcase, a battered desk, and because George was concerned with the exactitude of the words he wrote, there was a wastebasket fully two feet wide and four and a half feet high. Covering the walls of the room of this supposedly caustic, bitter, and unfeeling man were photographs of his father, mother, and daughter. Facing him when he went to sleep at night and when he awoke in the morning were photographs of Alexander Woollcott and George M. Cohan. Next to them was a photograph of a young ladies' and little gentlemens' dancing class composed of the beautiful and the brave of Pittsburgh, circa 1898. The girls wore ribbons in their pigtails and the boys wore white gloves on their hands. Even George. But he was only ten then. Above it were the highly personally inscribed photographs of Edna Ferber and Lynn Fontanne, and a framed letter from Franklin Roosevelt to Alec Woollcott jovially alluding to the length of Woollcott's visits to the White House and their similarity to a Kaufman play. Then came photographs of his two favorite producers, Sam H. Harris and Max Gordon. Next was a framed box-office statement signed by the house manager of a London theatre at which a musical he had directed was running. Under "Additional Comments" the manager had written, "The Queen Mother, Princess Margaret, and Mr. George S. Kaufman attended this night's performance."

There were many more private evidences of his deep sentiment, but perhaps the truest was a photograph of a much younger and somewhat more plump Moss Hart who had written on it with gratitude and perception for us all, "To George—Without Whom. . . ."

Without George, this world is going to be far less joyful to millions of theatregoers, to thousands of actors, to a Siamese cat called Adam, to Anne whom he loved and to Leueen whom he adored, to Moss Hart and Marc Connelly, to Edna Ferber, to the little girls whom he secretly sent candy and other presents, to stagehands, to the young writers he encouraged daily, to the razor-sharp bridge pros whom he beat, to the semi-strangers who wrote for handouts and who quietly but invariably got them, to the box-office men who delighted in showing him the racks empty of tickets, to designers and dancers and Supreme Court Justices and usherettes, and certainly to

—HOWARD TEICHMANN.

• • •

THE FIFE-O-KLOK CHAI

MY PARENTS were strongly pro-British. There were not too many Anglophiles in pre-revolutionary Russia; for that matter, there aren't too many now. We recognized the sterling (no pun intended) qualities of the English but we preferred the French. The Russians and the French are similar in many ways; they understand each other; both peoples are given to exaggeration and hyperboles; the English art of understatement is lost on us.

Tsar Ivan the Terrible was probably the most famous Russian Anglophile. He wanted to marry the Virgin Queen and he liked everything English except the Parliament. He even made plans to flee to England in case of a *coup d'état*. When the Terrible Tsar died the Russian chancellor said to the British envoy: "*Your* king is dead."

But he was unique. In my day the Russian aristocracy spoke French, the peasantry spoke Russian, and the intelligentsia spoke the unintelligible language of all intellectuals. Very few spoke English. It was, however, among the intelligentsia that one found admirers of England—the Mother of Parliaments, the Cradle of Democracy, the Land of Viliam Shekspir and Charlz Darvin.

My parents belonged to that group. Father knew all about the origin of species and he quoted prodigiously from the formidable "History of Civilization in England," by Genry Bokl. Mother read the novels by Viliam Lok, the author of "The Beloved Vagabond," and the plays by Bernard Sho of whom Father disapproved. He considered Mr. Sho not serious enough for an Englishman.

The war—the First World War—considerably strengthened our ties with England. The Cradle of Democracy became our ally in the struggle against the Abominable Huns. There was great rejoicing in our family. Russia, we felt, would inevitably have to mend its autocratic ways under the influence of England, and also of France, which was not exactly a Cradle of Democracy but very much of a near-Cradle.

So we all sang the Russian and the British national anthems, both uncommonly similar, both commencing with the words "God Save the King," and we hung the portrait of King George V alongside that of Tsar Nicholas II, both uncommonly resembling each other.

Toward the end of the war's second year our admiration for England became so strong that Mother decided to add a British touch to our way of life. She reformed our tea drinking and introduced Five-O'Clock Teas. We called them Fife-O-Klok Chais, *chai* meaning *tea* in Russian. We Russians are prodigious tea drinkers. We drink tea at any hour of the day, including five o'clock. But the Fife-O-Klok Chais served to underscore our devotion to our great ally.

Our Fife-O-Klok Chais began at three o'clock in the afternoon and sometimes earlier, if there were enough drinkers. Mother presided over the table. The samovar stood near her surrounded by an array of cups and glasses—cups for those who were not afraid to drink their tea in the English fashion, and glasses for the traditionalists. The venturesome drinkers took their tea with cream and cookies, the traditionalists with lemon and *pirozhki*.

There were heated discussions at the table. Armies were moved or deployed; high commands and staffs were reorganized or dismissed; ministers and prime ministers were appointed or fired; innumerable and most cruel punishments were meted out to the Kaiser. My parents deplored the fact that Mr. Lloid Djordj could not become a prime minister of Russia.

Not infrequently, when the discussions became too animated or the problems too involved, our Fife-O-Klok Chai guests remained for dinner. No Russian was ever able to solve a problem in so short a time, and they usually stayed on for supper. If no agreement could be reached that night, they returned to our house on the following day, approximately at three o'clock, for another Fife-O-Klok Chai. —M. K. ARGUS.

• • •

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—L. W. MICHAELSON.

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INSIDE NATIONWIDE

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TRADE Winds

IN ALL THE literary arts there is a constant shifting and crossing of lines. A novelist will take a crack at playwriting, a playwright will decide to write a novel, a television writer will drop everything and write for what he hopes will be posterity. Even Hollywood will supply an occasional author, and the results are not always disastrous. Other parts of show business and its allied fields have sometimes come

through with pleasant surprises on the printed page.

The late Errol Flynn surprised a lot of people with his "My Wicked, Wicked Ways," a book actually written by Flynn, according to the most reliable reports, without the benefit of a ghost writer, and showing considerable insight, literacy, sensitivity, and talent for a man who was such a favorite of the tabloids. June Havoc, always known as a talented performer, wrote with such simple eloquence in "Early Havoc" that it was surprising she had not written sooner and more often. The subject matter for both these books may have been banal and trivial, but the interpretation was not. As François Mauriac says in his recent book, "Second Thoughts": "Time does not nibble away at anything in a book which was true in the period when the book was written and which, in relation to that period, will always remain true. On the other hand, time points a cruel finger at the false detail or observation."

TELEVISION, a buzzing, assembly-line factory if there ever was one, has produced some considerably more durable stuff than what is seen on the twenty-one-inch screen.

The trouble facing everyone who works in that medium is that the time pressures are so great, the demands so taxing, the frenzy so exaggerated, that it is almost impossible for a craftsman in the field to sit down and take the time to produce something more permanent.

However, Gerald Green, who at one time pounded out news, film, and public affairs continuity for NBC-TV at machine-gun speed, has turned out two thoroughly creditable novels, "The Last Angry Man" and "The Heartless Light."

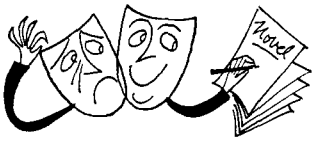
Al Morgan has written over 2,500 radio and TV scripts, and used to turn out, with a pained look, purple prose for film and live sequences on NBC and CBS with the speed of a computer. His novel "The Great Man" grew out of his TV-radio days, and captured the kind of truth Mauriac mentions.

A. C. Spectorsky shaped and created "The Exurbanites" under the frenetic pressure of a full-time television job as senior editor of the "Home Show." Irwin Blacker wrote the gigantic novel "Taos" while sweating it out on CBS-TV public affairs shows.

Steve Allen, whose short stories and poetry are miles above his often childish television humor, writes from midnight to four in the morning with a talent that goes beyond his kinescopic cutting up.

With the pace and turmoil of television as a background, the wonder of it is that anyone in it can find time to write anything. What some TV toilers have written is done with flair, but not always with care.

FOR A WRITER, the journey from novel to stage or vice versa is not as simple as it seems. The mood, the tone, the timbre, the milieu are totally different. W. Somerset Maugham had an almost



impossible time switching from fiction to plays. He finally sat down and copied, in full, three then-current English plays in his own longhand to try to get the pace and swing of the dramatic form. John Steinbeck would like to write a successful play, but he hasn't yet been able to. For a novelist, the compression, the condensation, the economy of phrase, the sharpness of story line of the play cause all kinds of headaches.

On the other hand, the playwright finds the novel form an awkward, spineless thing compared to the neat, staccato form of the drama. Just recently, Garson Kanin, tremendously successful in the theatre, failed to make his first novel come off. Arthur Miller, in spite of a fair reception for his novel "Focus," never showed the brilliance of his plays in his novels. Noel Coward fared better in his recent switch from stage to

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fiction with "Pomp and Circumstance," but says that he had a lot of trouble doing it.

MUCH OF THE serious work turned out by show business people, however, seems to lack the depth, the authority, the painstaking care of the serious novelist, whose routine allows him to read, study, examine, and reflect. The best of the playwrights like to keep at arm's length from the activity of the theatre itself. There is too much distraction, too much going on.

You don't often see the Faulkners, the Hemingways, the O'Haras sitting around Sardi's and keeping up with the flimsy conversations of the day. Their rhythm has a longer range. There's an

old saw that says talent gravitates to the East and West Coasts, specifically New York and Hollywood. But the best creative work is often turned out far from those places. The material for a work of art comes from the writer's own back yard, and not from Broadway and 42nd Street, or Hollywood and Vine.

Young writers, trying to get a toehold on literary or dramatic success, might do well to remember this. Tennessee Williams's best plays spring out of New Orleans, and not out of Broadway, where the public sees them. John O'Hara's stories don't tell of life among the sophisticated people he has come to know since he's been a success; they return to the soil from which he came, and will always remain true, as Mauriac says, because of that.

In the old days, the advice to the young man was to go West. For a young writer, probably the best advice is: Stay where you are—and *write.*

—JOHN G. FULLER.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S

KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1423)

CHARLES P. SNOW:

THE TWO CULTURES (AND THE SCIENTIFIC REVOLUTION)

Closing the gap between our cultures is a necessity in the most abstract intellectual sense, as well as in the most practical. When those two senses have grown apart, then no society is going to be able to think with wisdom.

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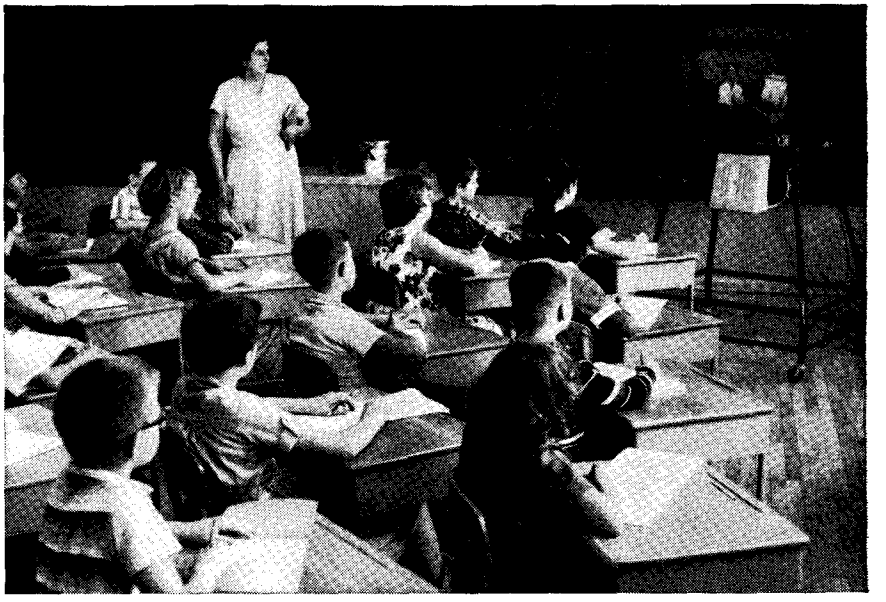

HELPING TO TEACH... HELPING TO LEARN. Classroom scene in Cortland, N. Y. This is one of the schools now using Educational TV. More than one TV receiver can be used where teachers wish to accommodate larger classes at one sitting.

An interesting current development in education is the use of television for instruction — both in classrooms and in the home.

Evidence that a shortage of qualified teachers is developing coincides with the need for some way to meet the awakened interest in mathematics, physics, chemistry, and education in general—from the elementary school to the college level.

Many educators, in studying the twin problems, are thinking more and more about the possibilities of Educational TV in their programs.

In transmitting TV lessons and lectures from place to place, various means are available. Closed circuit Educational TV systems between schools may be required. Or connection between broadcasting stations in different cities. Or a hook-up between closed circuit systems and one or more broadcasting stations.

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Saturday Review
JULY 8, 1961

HOW F.D.R. DID HIS HOMEWORK

By HENRY FIELD, *who served as anthropological adviser to President Roosevelt from 1941 to 1945. Mr. Field, the author of numerous books on anthropology, is now associated with Harvard's Peabody Museum as a research fellow.*

"YOU KNOW I'm going to meet Marshal Stalin soon," the President said.

"I've heard rumors to that effect."

"Yes, I'm going to see him and Churchill. The Secret Service won't let me divulge when or where. I want you to collect some ammunition for me for this conference."

Although spoken casually, President Roosevelt's words had an almost immediate effect. Within hours, they were to set in motion a flurry of concentrated activity aimed at providing him with the best possible preparation for what he knew would be a crucial meeting. And, not incidentally, they offer some insight into the meticulous care with which he invariably approached his conferences.

FDR was sitting on a sofa in the living room at Shangri-La, now Camp David, in the Maryland hills near Washington. Grace Tully, his personal secretary, sat near us. The date was Sunday, October 16, 1943. We were dressed in old country clothes; ties were not permitted. FDR wore a dark blue turtle-neck sweater and old gray flannels. During this weekend in the Catoctin Hills, surrounded by the brilliant late-autumn foliage, the President had been relaxing by looking out over the broad, multihued valley or working on his stamp collection.

The outside world and the war were not allowed to intrude into this woodland retreat. The telephone in the front rooms had not rung for nearly thirty-six hours. As the Sunday afternoon light faded, FDR slipped almost imperceptibly from his role as a charming host at a country weekend party to that of Commander-in-Chief. Admiral Wilson Brown, his naval aide, was ordered to call the White House for any critical news. "Nothing of importance, Mr. President," reported the Admiral.

A list of naval promotions to Commodore and Rear Admiral was signed, the President commenting that he was glad to have reactivated the rank of Commodore. His detailed knowledge of the naval records of many of these officers was astonishing.

The President said goodnight to Admiral and Mrs. Brown, then lit another cigarette in his long white holder. His hand shook visibly. He was also growing quite deaf. Yet his eyes were shining, his voice strong as he described his homework for what would later be known as the Tehran Conference. He began to relate in some detail his physical and mental preparations for his first meeting with Stalin. Added precautions were being taken to follow his strict diet, to exercise regularly in the heated White House pool—both prescribed by his physician, Admiral Ross McIntyre. The number of his visitors had been severely restricted.

The Tehran Conference was only one of hundreds of meetings that President Roosevelt attended, both in the United States and abroad. But it illustrates, as well as any other I know of, the painstaking precision with which he prepared himself. FDR was anxious to be ready for any subject that might arise. He consulted staff members, read voluminous reports, anticipated problems and questions. In doing so, he was of course following a pattern as old as the Presidency itself, yet I doubt that any other President ever devoted greater care to preparation for his conferences.

PRESIDENT Roosevelt's methods have a special relevance to conditions today. In recent years the international conference has become an increasingly important Presidential instrument. Meetings between heads of state have been more frequent than they once were—and there is certainly no sign that President Kennedy plans any reduction in the number of such meetings. Indeed, after his recent talks with Premier Khrushchev in Vienna he made it clear that we can expect more and more international conferences. There may, therefore, be some valuable lessons in a close look at the way President Roosevelt prepared for one.

FDR's main problem at the Tehran Conference was to arrive rested and fit, since Stalin and Churchill preferred to make decisions late into the night—during just those hours when his vitality was ebbing away, his pain growing more intense. Even now, comparatively early in the evening, he concealed the increasing weight of his braces. As he talked to Grace and me, he often

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touched the heavy brace on his legs.

The most important point was not to become irritated, let alone angry, because it was so easy in the heat of the moment to say something that never should have been said. These conferences were like those of the grand masters at chess; to disconcert an opponent was a major ploy.

FDR continued to describe his mental preparations. The agenda were being studied, briefings given, alternative procedures discussed. Maps were being examined carefully. Above all, a memorandum on Stalin himself—his personality, attitudes, likes and dislikes, usual procedures, political desires, and probable conference techniques—was being read over and over again.

A new cigarette glowed at the end of the famous holder, now held at a rakish angle. "Since the Prime Minister has a bad habit of making side comments to me which are never translated, the Marshal will soon be provoked," he said. "Unfortunately, the Marshal and I have no common language and a shade of meaning or an intonation is often lost, even through the best of interpreters."

The President described how it would quickly appear to Stalin that he and Churchill—obviously mutual admirers—were on the same side; two to one might prove a dangerous match under these difficult circumstances. A special conference technique had been established and would almost certainly be followed this time. Discussion would drag on, the opponents adamant. Various angles to obtain the same objective would usually be attempted. Compromise impossible, new arguments would have to be deferred. During a heated pause, one of the grand masters would employ a supercharged diversionary move, throwing in a totally irrelevant question, one designed to provoke one of the principals into an argument—the bitterer the better. Then he would move quickly back to the item on the agenda with the hope of a rash statement.

The President went on: "I have been thinking a great deal about these 'irrelevant questions.' What could the Marshal ask to throw me off guard? Remember, it will be well past midnight. The Marshal often deceives people by drinking water from a vodka bottle, for he needs his wits too. The brandy and cigars just sharpen the Prime Minister's mind."

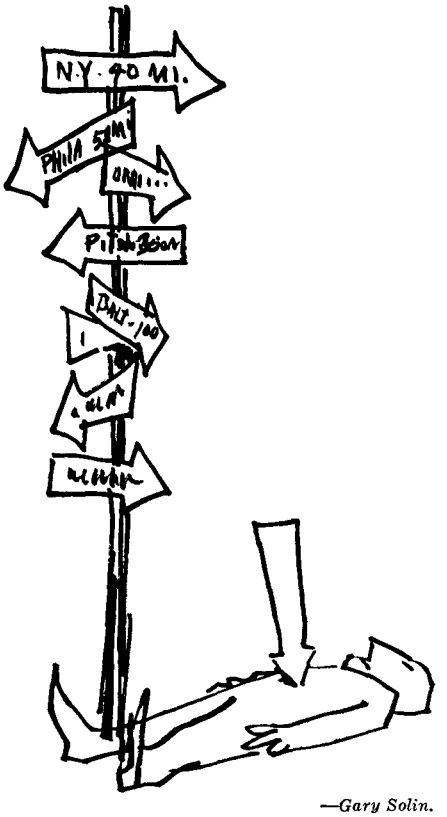
He paused dramatically. "I believe the Marshal will suddenly ask me about our Negro problem," he said. "If I start to defend our position—our dawning of racial equality and the progress of the Negro in the United States, the achievements of men like Booker T. Washington and George Washington Carver—the next loaded question might well be about lynchings in the South. Again, this is no subject for a defensive position. To say that there are fewer than ever before is indeed a weak argument. The Marshal will have memorized the exact number of lynchings last year; he will recall one specific case with the place, date, and victim's name. This is how a grand master uses his knights. No retort courteous is possible. Finally, the Marshal might involve my wife in this discussion of our Negro problem. That would make me furious—that and the whole object of these ploys."

FDR paused to light another cigarette. It was obvious that he was preliving these moments, for he had become excited to an intense degree. Grace Tully moved nervously in her chair.

"The second and third questions must never be asked by the Marshal," the President said. "An answer to the first must deflect the others. That is where I want you to help me. I need your ammunition in one of the little black books."

My special reports were handed to Grace Tully marked "For the President" or, most rarely, "FPEO"—"For the President's Eyes Only," in standard black, fabrikoid covers; others sent their reports in handsome leather bindings.

FDR half closed his eyes, deep in thought: "I want examples of serious minority problems within Soviet Central Asia with nationalities involved, specific localities, dates, and the resultant population transfers. Then, you see, I can reply to questions concerning our Negro problem that we all have our difficulties with minority groups. I will follow with one of your references. If the Marshal continues, I can give him another case history in brief. That will almost certainly be the end of that gambit. Perhaps, though, I may find it necessary to use the Birobidzhan story."



—Gary Solin.

This was a reference to the Jewish Autonomous Oblast in southeastern Siberia, where in 1934 Stalin had ordered the transfer of all Jews from the Ukraine, presumably because of their lack of enthusiasm for the Soviet regime and their potential danger if an invasion were ever mounted from the West.

THE President then indicated that he could use a friendly ploy at another crucial moment in the discussions.

"Since I am familiar with and have encouraged U.S. conservation," he said, "I would like to congratulate the Marshal on his reforestation projects and the reclamation of the Kara Kum Desert. Please get me some maps showing forested areas and new regions of reforestation during Stalin's regime. I will need a map of the Kara Kum showing its location in relation to the Amu Darya, and details on reclamation. The Latin names of a few of the trees and shrubs planted and the length and width of this belt would be useful. I want the names of the Department of Agriculture specialists sent to assist the Russians and a summary of their results. And get me some distribution maps, each showing one facet of Soviet natural resources or agricultural products. Please bring these to Grace Tuesday evening."

My eyes must have reflected my surprise at this assignment. The President described with a chuckle how every branch of the Federal Government would load down his plane with thick, bulky memoranda and reports.

"No fast reader could get through that pile in a month, let alone memorize the contents," he said. "That's why I want you and the staff of my 'M' Project to prepare this memorandum. I'll promise to read it. I'll be spending most of my waking hours in the plane studying the summaries prepared for this conference."

Earlier in the day we had discussed his "M" Project, of which I was director. This secret assignment involved the preparation of a series of "Studies on Migration and Settlement" on a world-wide basis to assist in the relocation of the millions of people displaced by World War II and unable to return to their homes. The estimated

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A President's Planning

Eleanor Roosevelt recalls her husband's preparation for a conference — and the great Cape Cod getaway.

MY HUSBAND had a great love for detail. In preparing for conferences he would carefully go over the locale in which the conference was to be held, the objectives he hoped to achieve, the people he expected to meet. This, I think, was one of the most important things in his preparation for a conference. He had a great interest in people and a great confidence in his own ability to make contact with every type of person, but he wanted to know all he could about a person before they actually met. I think he studied the makeup of the people who were going to attend a conference even when he was not actually going to be engaged in the conference himself.

I remember his great interest in the first conference on food and agriculture—held, if I remember correctly, in Hot Springs, Virginia. This was an organization that later became a specialized agency of the U.N. He talked it over beforehand with many of the people who were going to participate on each side, and when it came to the signing of the agreement which had been reached during the conference, he arranged with great care to have it an important occasion. The agreement was signed in the East Room of the White House, and I remember that flags of all the nations were arranged behind the long table at which he sat in the middle, flanked by all the other leaders of the delegations. I don't think anyone attending that conference could forget the solemnity and the importance which my husband attached to this first agreement in a field which he felt could be made very useful by international cooperation.

The meeting with Winston Churchill at Argentia was another conference that was carefully planned, and this, I think, gave full play to one of the quirks in my husband's character which always amused me. He really would have loved to have been an adventurer of the early type, trying to pose as something he was not, and getting away with it! The conference was to be kept entirely secret, and word was given out that he was cruising up the coast. The day after he had actually departed, his boat steamed slowly through the Cape Cod Canal in sight of many of the people who lived along the shore or who came there to have a chance to look at the President's ship, and they saw a figure sitting up on deck enjoying the breeze and the sun, with a Navy cape on and a hat pulled down which partially hid his face. All the time the President was steaming away toward Argentia!

I think this little preparation gave my husband much pleasure and amusement, but the really interesting preparation whenever he was going to meet Winston Churchill was the thought he gave to the man he was going to meet and to the objectives he wished to achieve.

My husband never forgot the important things that were to come from a conference, but another important part of his character was that he did not neglect the little family touches. At conferences overseas, if it was at all possible to have his sons come from wherever they were at the time, he invariably arranged to have them sent for so that they might have a meeting. At Argentia it was Franklin and Elliott who were within reach; both of them arrived not knowing why they had been told to report, and wondering in considerable trepidation what they had done to bring about this change in their orders. They were completely surprised when they found that the admiral they had expected to meet was in reality the Commander-in-Chief, their father. —ELEANOR ROOSEVELT.

number ranged from 3,000,000 to 20,000,000; the actual figure proved to be about 50,000,000. The first copy of each study was delivered by hand to the White House; the second was marked for the Geographical Adviser to the President, Dr. Isaiah Bowman, in the Department of State.

We were preparing a report from published accounts on Birobidzhan at the time. In addition, part of our Translation Series summarized the great Soviet expansion of agriculture northward in Siberia, of vast planting projects in the Soviet Republics of Central Asia, and of reforestation and irrigation. The resulting population movements were our prime concern.

FDR sighed deeply. Presumably he was thinking of his return to the world —the world at war—and of his first meeting with Stalin. To Grace and me he said, "Well, good people, I think I'll toddle off to bed."

A trusted Filipino from the Presidential yacht moved noiselessly across the room to wheel the Commander-in-Chief to bed. The room suddenly felt deserted, like a cave once inhabited by hunters and artists of the Old Stone Age. The next morning in the White House, the President smiled as we shook hands, saying, "That was a grand weekend. We'll do it again."

In the Library of Congress Annex I immediately held a conference with our two chief "M" Project researchers and analysts, Dr. Sergei Yakobson and Dr. Robert Strausz-Hupé. Our staff, numbering a dozen other specialists and six secretaries, began its search for material in the Library of Congress and the libraries of the Federal Reserve Board, Department of Commerce, and Department of Agriculture. Within a few hours, telephoned reports were coming in on my private line in Study Room 115 of the Library of Congress Annex.

Late that afternoon Dr. Yakobson and I went to the Department of Agriculture, where recent crop distribution and production figures had been located, and selected fifty maps showing the distribution of Russian crops, forests, and deserts. Special arrangements were made through the Secretary's office to have prints made during the early evening. Similar arrangements were made in other government bureaus, bringing the total number of prints to eighty.

In the meantime the researchers, who as a team read a dozen languages, had compiled miscellaneous notes from books and articles, mainly in Russian, German, French, and English. One analyst, fluent in German as well as five other languages, had searched the geopolitical writings of Haushofer and his

(*Continued on page* 46)

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It's a Long, Long Way to Washington

"The Making of the President: 1960," by Theodore H. White *(Atheneum. 382 pp. $6.95), follows at close range through primaries, campaign, and election the choosing of the present Chief Executive. Walter Johnson, history professor at the University of Chicago, wrote "1600 Pennsylvania Avenue."*

By Walter Johnson

ALREADY well known to the literate public as co-author of "Thunder Out of China" and author of "Fire in the Ashes," as well as two novels, Mr. White devoted 1960 to an intensive observation of the Presidential primaries, the nominating conventions, and the subsequent election campaign. He traveled with the various candidates across the breadth of the land, he interviewed most of them and their staffs many times, and out of it all caught the moods, the strains, the pathos, and, yes, the exhilaration of a well-fought campaign. The resulting book is an extraordinary performance by a shrewd interpreter of the American scene.

Through the eyes and ears of this gifted writer we are transported to the key meetings when each aspirant decided to become a candidate; we learn the strategy decided upon, we experience the cold and wearing campaign across Wisconsin, feel the pathos in Hubert Humphrey's defeat in West Virginia, where politics rise from hunger. That West Virginians "should live as they do," notes White, "is a scar and shame on American life." Then the immediate preconvention skirmishing is analyzed in detail. The famous meeting of Vice President Nixon and Rockefeller, where Nixon accepted most of Rockefeller's demands, is reconstructed from interviews with aides of the New York Governor. There is also the report of a lengthy talk with Adlai Stevenson, whose friends were organizing a draft without encouragement from him, in hopes that a deadlocked convention would turn again to the titular head of the party. Anyone who discussed the nomination with Stevenson at his Libertyville home, while he continually rubbed his hand across his brow in perplexity, knows that White's summation is accurate:

> He felt the Party *must* beat Nixon, the country would be unsafe in Nixon's hands. Thus, if the Party called on him to serve, he would serve as citizen or as leader or as nominee. But the Party had given him the chance twice. He would not demand it again, nor would he reach for it. Nor would he declare himself out of the race. He was not trying to stop anyone, or help anyone—why was not all this clear?

In his analysis of both the Democratic and Republican conventions White captures the tenseness, the disappointments, the enthusiasm, as well as the superficial circus atmosphere, that permeate these great quadrennial gatherings. Although the author could not be everywhere, his account of the conventions has a freshness about it and a perception that is absent from the products of group research. He was present at many of the inner discussions of the Kennedy strategists and is thus able to present a vivid picture of the amazing organization built by the Senator, of his skill in handling himself, and of the candidate's judgment under terrific pressure. It is disappointing, however, that White does not discuss Kennedy's appearance before the Texas caucus, where Kennedy conducted himself with dignity and telling effect despite the arrogance of Lyndon B. Johnson.

AS background to the fall election, White wisely discusses the raw population growth of the past decade, the expansion of the suburbs while the inner core of the cities lost strength, the increasing concentration of Negroes in urban centers, and the importance of the ethnic past in shaping campaigns. White observes that since the melting pot has been melting for nearly two centuries, American politics requires immense artistry to deal with this aspect of our society. "How many Americans are so tied to their past that they cannot be summoned to face the American future?" he asks. "To how many of each group must a politician give insurance policies of protection and respect? How many of each group will be offended by a coarse appeal to their tribal origin that divides them from all other Americans?"

During this discussion of the campaign, White takes his reader on tour with both Nixon and Kennedy, furnishing us with a graphic picture of the nature of campaigns in the jet age, the different spirit in the contesting camps, and the sheer exhaustion of it all. He explains how Kennedy, taut and tense at the outset, quickly struck a mood with his theme that the nation could no longer stand still. White notes that after the Senator met the religious issue head-on in his session with the Protestant ministers at Houston in September, he was happiest when confronting a crisis with action. During October White feels that Kennedy really evolved a "style" and for those "who have an affection for American political performance, it was a thing of beauty. . . . His style, finally, began to capture even the newsmen who had heard all he had to say long before, but continued to listen, as one continues to return to a favorite movie." White also remarks that Kennedy enjoyed the working press, respected them, and cultivated them, as did his staff, with the result that reporters were much more favorably inclined to him than to his opponent. This flow of friendly news about the campaign was a significant gain for Kennedy. Another was the Senator's phone call to Mrs. Martin Luther King and brother Bobby's call to the Georgia judge, which resulted in Mr. King's being freed on bail (Nixon in his quest for Southern white votes ignored the episode).

WHITE points out that at the Republican Convention Nixon insisted on a strong civil rights plank but that during the campaign he could not decide whether he was seeking Northern or Southern electoral votes. As a result he "befuzzed" his Chicago position and ended up by alienating both the Northern Negro and the white of the Deep South. The author insists that Nixon's "instinct as solitary leader" governed his entire campaign. There was, White adds, an element of sadness about the Nixon campaign. An infected knee put him in the hospital for ten days; then he overscheduled himself to make up

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for lost time, caught a cold and a fever, and his exertions exhausted his vitality and his perceptiveness. As the author watched Nixon in action (the Vice President, unlike Kennedy, refused to discuss his campaign privately with the author, or with most reporters for that matter) he concluded that the image in the liberal press of Nixon as a "hard, cruel, vengeful man" was inaccurate. Instead, the Vice President "was above all a friend seeker, almost pathetic in his eagerness to be liked. He wanted to identify with the people and have a connection with them. And this effort to communicate, to evoke warmth and sympathy, was his greatest problem."

IT IS quite obvious that elections are frequently won as much or more by the mistakes of the opposition as they are by the skill and organization of the victor. This was certainly true of the Nixon campaign. White points out that Nixon and his staff had decided that the correspondents were their enemies, and instead of cultivating the reporters they abused them. In addition, White adds, "What Mr. Nixon really felt, what he wished truly to clarify, he made no effort to communicate to the reporters, who were his amplifiers." Moreover, throughout the campaign Nixon regularly ignored his policy and TV advisers. What infuriated these men of ability, one of them said, was that "he reduced us all to clerks." And probably an even greater mistake on Nixon's part was his limited use of President Eisenhower, who wanted to be asked by Nixon to do more. "But," White remarks, "the Nixon people and Nixon himself, who had been treated like boys for so many years by the Eisenhower people, now apparently itched to operate on their own. . . ." Then in the closing days Eisenhower was scheduled into New York, which was a lost cause, and into Ohio, which Nixon won by a landslide, instead of into Michigan and Illinois, where the President's intercession might have swung these states to the Republican candidate.

White includes in "The Making of the President" a lengthy analysis of the four TV "debates." Like most observers, he considers these to have been a disaster for Nixon, particularly the opening one, which, among other things, effectively destroyed Nixon's campaign portrayal of Kennedy as "immature, young, inexperienced." Although the "debates" made Kennedy the front-runner, White correctly observes that the basic issues were not clarified in these programs. And although the voters received a living portrait of the two men under stress, the medium did not allow the candidates pauses in which to think and develop well-thought-out answers to complex questions.

In contrasting the two campaigns, the author concludes that while Nixon's "skills in politics were enormous, his courage unquestioned, his endurance substantial" there was neither structure nor philosophy to his campaign. "There was missing in him always the direction of the navigator . . . ," White observes and adds that the ordeal and demands of the campaign were more than he could bear. As one member of the planning board, ignored by the Vice President, remarked harshly, "Dick was never cut out to be top banana from the very beginning."

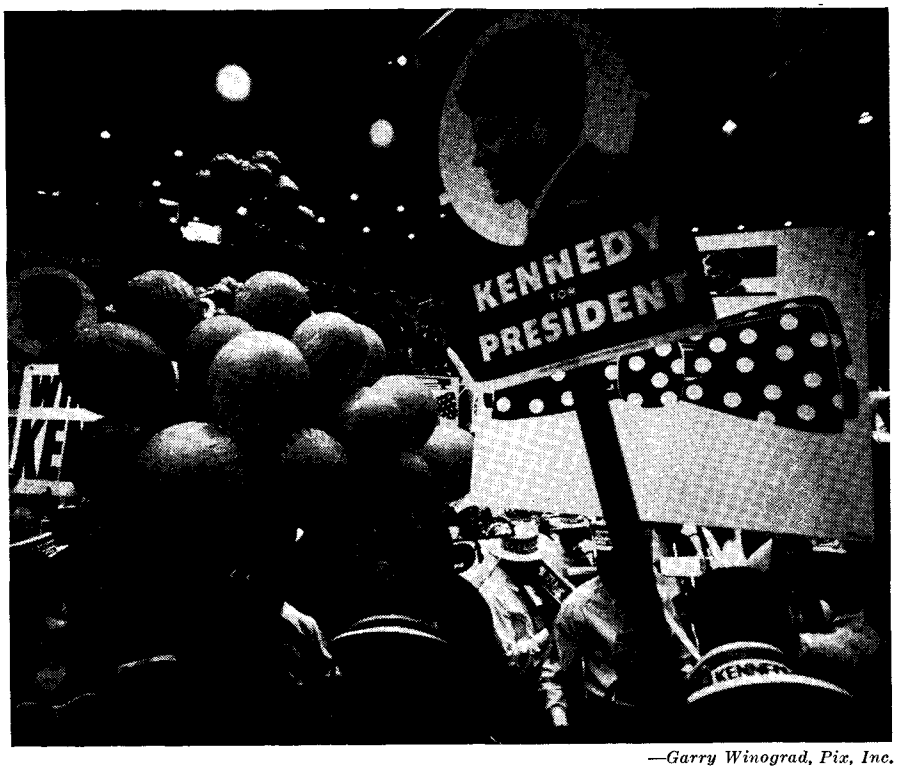
Unlike Nixon in the campaign, Kennedy did not dissipate his energies on hopeless states. Instead, the South was left as Johnson's responsibility while the Senator concentrated on the industrial states of the Northeast and the Midwest, including well-planned tours to the swollen suburbs, where he hammered the theme of the necessity of federally aided education for the future. While analysts will debate for a long time the primary forces that determined the election, White is on sound ground when he emphasizes how Kennedy brought back most of the Negroes who had left Stevenson in 1956 and many of the Catholics who had voted for Eisenhower in two elections. But White also points out that more than half of the Massachusetts Senator's total vote came from Protestants:

> . . . John F. Kennedy, as other Democrats before him, was not elected only by a federation of American minorities—nor does his Presidency rest on that fact, nor did his campaign at its highest and most important level plan that kind of victory. In the long sight of history, John F. Kennedy cast his appeal, *above all*, to the overwhelming Protestant majority of the American people, and ran uphill to convince them that whatever differing pasts and heritage they brought to 1960, they shared a common future and common conviction for the years ahead.

Despite the sweetness of victory, the Republican seats gained in the Senate and the House of Representatives, when added to Southern conservative Democrats, meant that Kennedy was short by twelve to twenty votes of a working majority. For a person of Kennedy's temperament, who believes that the government he commands must act, the Congressional elections were galling. Mr. White points out: "He cannot act freely or boldly, but must bargain for half a dozen votes at each proposal and each movement forward until, finally, his directions and leadership become clear enough to the people at large to force Congress to follow—or give him a new Congress of his own in 1962."

However, there are many hazards that must be overcome before either

(*Continued on page* 34)



—Garry Winograd, Pix, Inc.

". . . not elected only by a federation of American minorities . . ."

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The Age of Tarnish

By Granville Hicks

THIS is the record of an experiment that was only a partial success. As everyone knows, and as my reviews have pointed out week after week, most of our young writers are deeply unhappy about the civilization in which they live. Some of their criticisms I agree with and some I don't, but in any case I believe in their right—indeed, their duty—to show things as they see them. On the other hand, I have wondered whether there might not be other ways of looking at our culture that would have some validity. For instance, could I learn anything from the social scientists? Back in 1950 David Riesman published what was for me, along with a lot of other people, an illuminating book, "The Lonely Crowd." Might there not be some contemporary book of social science that would help me to define my position?

This was my state of mind when I picked up Bruno Bettelheim's **"The Informed Heart,"** a copy of which had been sent me by Jeremiah Kaplan of the Free Press of Glencoe, Illinois. Mr. Kaplan's company published the book several months ago (at $5), and he has been looking in vain for some sort of response from the American public. It seemed to me, at first glance, that this might be what I was after. The title was promising, and the subtitle even more so: "Autonomy in a Mass Age." Moreover, in the second paragraph of his preface Bettelheim stated the problem with great cogency:

> Never before have so many had it so good; no longer do we tremble in fear of sickness or hunger, of hidden evils in the dark, of the spell of witches. The burden of killing toil has been lifted from us, and machines, not the labor of our hands, will soon provide us with nearly all we need, and much that we don't really need. We have inherited freedoms man has striven after for centuries. Because of all this and much more we should be living in a dawn of great promise. But now that we are freer to enjoy life, we are deeply frustrated in our disappointment that the freedom and comfort, sought with such deep desire, do not give meaning and purpose to our lives.

Bettelheim, whose name I first encountered in Dwight Macdonald's magazine, *Politics*, some fifteen years ago, was born in Vienna in 1903, and became a student of psychoanalysis. He spent a year or more in German concentration camps in the late Thirties, and then was released and came to the United States. He has served for some time as director of a school for emotionally disturbed children that is connected with the University of Chicago, and out of this experience have come several books, including "Love Is Not Enough" and "Truants from Life."

Bettelheim begins with a little bit of autobiography. In the Vienna of the Twenties the intellectuals were divided into two groups: those who believed that the salvation of the world lay in the changing of society—notably the Marxists; and those who saw hope only in the transformation of individuals—the Freudians. At the time he inclined to the second school, but later, in part as a result of his work with disturbed children, he became convinced that the environment and the individual both had to be changed.

Bettelheim continues by stating some of the problems of contemporary society. Every type of culture, he notes, from the most primitive on, has had its own problems, and we need not be surprised that we have ours. But they are ours, and we have to solve them.

"We can state and accept the truism that every way of life has its own discomforts, and leave it there. We can bemoan this fact and condemn civilization. Or we can do the only reasonable thing: arrange our lives so that the comforts of civilization are so used as to reduce discontents to a minimum, while securing for each citizen the maximum possible of human satisfactions." In other words, we can become autonomous individuals, responsible to ourselves but by no means indifferent to society, governed by both heart and mind.

At this point, about a third of the way through the book, Bettelheim suddenly takes off in a new direction. Whereas one expects him to discuss the ways in which autonomy can be encouraged in our society, he begins to talk about "behavior in extreme situations," *i.e.*, in the Nazi concentration camps. That is not what the reader is looking for.

Nevertheless, since the subject is obviously important, and since Bettelheim is speaking out of firsthand experience as well as a study of the documents, I want to give a brief summary of his discussion. His basic assumption is that the Nazis were consciously seeking to destroy individuality and that the concentration camps were ingeniously calculated to serve that purpose. They were notably successful. In many victims the will to live was quickly destroyed, often even before the camps were reached. Others deteriorated more or less rapidly under the pressure of Nazi policy, and not a few were led to collaborate with their persecutors. Those whose endurance was most remarkable, "the old prisoners," were warped and narrowed. Meanwhile, the mere existence of the concentration camps and later the extermination centers reduced the Germans as a whole to the malleable mass Hitler wanted.

This whole account, which occupies most of the book, deserves more attention than I can give to it. In a sense its relevance to Bettelheim's original statement of purpose is quite clear. Discussing the response to his first writings on the subject, he says, "It seemed that even when dealing with the most gruesome aspects of an oppressive mass society, the intellectual defense through understanding was still the most effective assurance that one was not altogether helpless and might even safeguard one's personality in the face of extreme threat." But I still wish that he had gone on to draw specific conclusions about behavior in our present situation. What we need, and what it seems as if he could have given us, is guidance through the perplexities and discouragements of this age that ought to be golden but seems to many hideously tarnished.

ON THE other hand, it is clear that Bettelheim is at least cautiously hopeful, and since he has taken a hard look at very uncomfortable facts, that is encouraging. "We must not be downhearted because we feel the challenge but have not wholly mastered it yet," he says. "Technological progress just moves faster than personality integration." But he is quite convinced that personality can be integrated in our kind of society, nor does he doubt that autonomous individuals can do something to transform the world in which they live. Perhaps he will write another book in which he will show us autonomy at work in a mass age. Meanwhile "The Informed Heart" serves a purpose of its own by exhibiting the strength and resilience of the human spirit.

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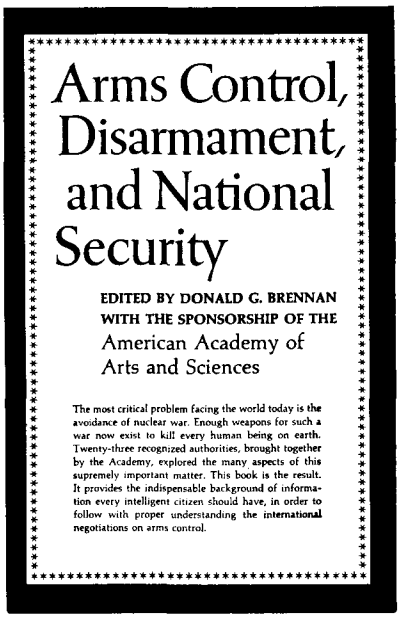
Book in the News


Arms Control, Disarmament, and National Security
EDITED BY DONALD G. BRENNAN
WITH THE SPONSORSHIP OF THE
American Academy of
Arts and Sciences
The most critical problem facing the world today is the avoidance of nuclear war. Enough weapons for such a war now exist to kill every human being on earth. Twenty-three recognized authorities, brought together by the Academy, explored the many aspects of this supremely important matter. This book is the result. It provides the indispensable background of information every intelligent citizen should have, in order to follow with proper understanding the international negotiations on arms control.

A Review of Weapons

By Stillman P. Williams, *formerly editor of World Order Library.*

THIS work, edited by Donald G. Brennan, from Lincoln Laboratory of Massachusetts Institute of Technology, is the most important book yet published on the arms race and the specific steps leading to a lasting peace. "**Arms Control, Disarmament, and National Security**" (Braziller, $6) should be read, not just because it provides clues to the direction of the new Administration's disarmament policies, but because it encompasses nearly all the varied intellectual and technical approaches to armament and arms control.

In genesis, the book is a revision of the fall 1960 "Arms Control" issue of *Daedalus*, the quarterly journal of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences. Its more than 500 pages are cast in an integrated framework of twenty-three essays by different authors. Seven of them were among the twenty-four U.S. participants at the Sixth Pugwash Conference, held in Moscow the latter part of November and early December 1960.

"Arms Control, Disarmament, and National Security" does not seek to provide a blueprint. Rather, it explores and examines routes and obstacles to effective arms control, as a means toward reducing the risk of nuclear war and improving national security.

The book consists of seven parts, plus a final section that incorporates a commentary by four European experts on the original essays. While it is impossible here to discuss in depth all of the essays plus commentary, it may be possible to identify them by groupings.

I. *Background.* Donald Brennan summarizes current national military policy and discusses the concept of arms control. Robert R. Bowie stresses the importance of national self-interest in reliable arms control arrangements. Roger Fisher explores the reasons why governments comply with international rules. William R. Frye provides a brief history of arms control.

II. *Major Issues and Problems.* Herman Kahn discusses the stark dangers of the arms race. Edward Teller questions the feasibility of limited arms control measures. Henry A. Kissinger argues for balanced restoration of our conventional forces. Kenneth E. Boulding discusses the domestic implications of arms control.

III. *The Substance of Arms Control.* Thomas C. Schelling surveys the potentials of limited arms control measures. Erich Fromm presents the case of unilateral disarmament. James Wiesner examines the premises, requirements, objectives, and advantages of comprehensive arms limitation systems. Brennan and Morton H. Halperin analyze the nuclear test ban issue, deeming it politically useful and safe, even without inspection.

IV. *The Other Participants.* Bernhard B. Bechhoefer discusses the role of the USSR in disarmament politics and propaganda. A. Doak Barnett stresses that the question of Communist China in the international arms control equation is not one of "whether," but of "how" and "when." Paul Doty underlines the vital significance of the smaller countries within the global context of total arms control.

V. *Techniques of Arms Control.* Bernard T. Feld examines the techniques of physical and records inspection. Ithiel de Sola Pool suggests the conscious use of public opinion and propaganda as instruments of arms control. Lewis C. Bohn proposes new nonphysical "knowledge detection" techniques of inspection. Louis B. Sohn discusses the potentials and problems of an international disarmament tribunal system, created by treaty.

VI. *Previous Formation of American Policy.* Saville R. Davis reviews the policy-making practices and debates on disarmament during the Dulles era. Senator Hubert H. Humphrey discusses arms control organization in the U.S. Government.

VII. *Toward a Peaceful World.* Richard S. Leghorn suggests an approach to rational world security arrangements, integrating the needs of deterrence, the imperatives of disarmament, and the ultimate objectives of reliable U.N. security authority under world law and justice. Arthur Larson describes the productive steps that can be taken now toward world law.

This multiple approach to arms control policy, for the American as well as the non-American reader, can be put into perspective most readily by reading the commentary from abroad before undertaking the American contributions. Raymond Aron, Philip Noel-Baker, and Jules Moch offer important antidotes to the "national" or "bi-polar" points of view of some of the major original contributors.

The omission of an index and a bibliography are unfortunate. Unfortunately, too, a few of the essayists (Kahn and Schelling, for example) have a tendency to say nothing simply that can be stated elaborately. There is insufficient attention to the politics of peace consensus, touched upon but not developed, in the brilliant essays of Fisher, Boulding, and Pool.

Perhaps the most valuable contribution, for this reviewer at least, is contained in the essays of Dr. Wiesner and Mr. Leghorn. Mr. Leghorn's over-all plan brings together many of the disparate elements found in the other essays. This young president of Itek Corporation, who is also chairman of the National Planning Association's Special Committee on Security Through Arms Control, summarizes his proposal:

> Both deterrence and disarmament are legitimate, indeed vital, approaches to security planning. They are but two sides of the security coin . . . Neither pursued independently of

To those nations who would make themselves our adversary, we offer not a pledge, but a request: That both sides begin anew the quest for peace, before the dark powers of destruction unleashed by science engulf all humanity in planned or accidental self-destruction. . . .
—*Excerpt from President Kennedy's Inaugural Address, January 20, 1961.*

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the other is acceptable or adequate.

These two aspects of the security problem are mutually compatible, complementary means to a single objective, enhanced national and world security . . . security for our own and other nations within a framework of world order under law and justice, in which peaceful change is facilitated, and conflicts are resolved nonviolently. Our task is to build rational world security arrangements, based initially on stabilized and controlled national deterrent arms, and, as soon as feasible, on reliable U.N. machinery to enforce the peace. [Italics added.]

It is important to remind ourselves of the global dimensions of the national arms race.

One criterion is cost. At the present rate, the cost of the arms race to the world is estimated at $110 billions to $120 billions a year—$12 to $14 millions an hour. This is in the order of $40 a year for every man, woman, and child on earth. The United States and the Soviet Union together account for almost three-quarters of this staggering sum. Moreover, "now, for the first time in history," as Herman Kahn puts it earlier in the volume, "we [USA and USSR] are having a complete technological revolution in the art of war approximately every five years."

A second criterion is the stockpile of high explosive power—briefly, "overkill." Again, in broad numbers, the national arsenals of the world, taken together, add up to the equivalent of some twenty tons of high explosive power (TNT) for every man, woman, and child on earth. The USA's stockpile accounts for about one-half of this figure.

A third criterion is military manpower. According to a recent publication of the Institute for Strategic Studies, London, the number of men under arms at the beginning of the winter of 1960-61 is in the order of 6.5 millions for the West and 6.2 millions for the Communist bloc. (These data exclude the military manpower of "neutrals" such as Sweden and Switzerland, as well as national forces in South America and most of Africa. Also excluded are civilian labor forces concerned with military back-up; the usual rule-of-thumb is four to one.)

The United States, Mr. Leghorn proposes, should approach its objective of building rational world security arrangements in *three simultaneously pursued* ways. While "progress in each will contribute to, and largely depend upon, progress in the others," Mr. Leghorn notes, "we should expect them to be *fully* accomplished *only* in sequence." Considerable progress may conceivably be made in the second area before the first has been completely fulfilled. However, "real progress in the *third area*, universal and complete disarmament, *depends upon* success in the *first two*." [Italics added.]

A closing word about the meaning and implications of "arms control." As to the immediate and short-run purpose of this term—to reduce the possibility and the danger of war—there is unanimous agreement among all contributors. Concerning its basic concept, arms control may be regarded, using Boulding's succinct phrase, "as military cooperation with potential enemies." For most of the authors the components of arms control include all aspects of both disarmament and deterrence.

Differences among the authors are to be found, however, concerning ultimate goals. To Wiesner, for example, "the ultimate goal of arms control is total disarmament with a genuine international security system [under] the rule of law." For M. Moch: "War must be made impossible. . . . We must begin disarmament with nuclear disarmament [with] the entire operation . . . carried out under permanent, international, and total control."

On the other hand, Brennan specifically does "not define the predominant goal of arms control as the total elimination of war [because this] may not be susceptible of achievement. [Such a goal] require[s] either a radical alteration in national outlook . . . or the general acceptance of peaceful international machinery." Similarly, in Bowie's judgment arms control prospects "fall well short of total disarmament. [This] appears to call for an international agency with adequate authority and coercive means to punish and restrain a violator of the system."

Whether arms control be a latent latchstring or an open gate to lasting peace is perhaps immaterial. It can be the beginning. And it is with its social and political implications and responsibilities that we, as citizens, should be concerned. In the language of Kenneth Boulding:

> Arms control is the beginning of a great revolution in human affairs . . . a process of evolution of social institutions which leads to the abolition of war and the establishment of the institutions of permanent peace. . . .
>
> We have dreamed of Utopia, and secretly been thankful that it is only a dream. Now we are going to be compelled to think about it, and think hard and long, for we may be forced into it by the absence of any alternative but doomsday.

WASHINGTON, February 25 (AP)—The world is spending $14,000,000 an hour—on arms and armies.

The United States and the Soviet Union together spend about 73% of the total—$88,000,000,000 a year.

The cost of the arms race is about $40 a year for each man, woman, and child now living.

If the world were to pool this money for peaceful purposes, the average annual cash income of 1,200,000,000 people who make less than $100 a year could be more than doubled.

Adequate housing could be provided for 240,000,000 families in under-developed nations. In some places houses are being built for as little as $375 to $500 each. The money goes for material only.

The hungry among the world's three billion people could be fed, and the sick provided with medical care.

An absolute end to the arms race would release the constructive energies of at least 15,000,000 men now in training to kill each other.

This, however, does not tell the whole story. One of the world's rules-of-thumb is that at least four men must labor to keep one soldier armed, fed and supplied.

Thus an end to the arms race would enable 75,000,000 men to turn to peaceful tasks.

The United States is spending more on armaments than any other nation—$46,000,000,000 a year for missiles, manpower, tanks, guns, ships, atomic explosions and military aid to allies.

—*New York* Times, *February 26, 1961.*

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FICTION

Israel Under Siege

"Burnt Offering," by Daniel Spicehandler *(Macmillan. 248 pp. $3.95), and* ***"Dawn," by Elie Wiesel,*** *translated by Frances Frenaye (Hill & Wang. 90 pp. $3), deal with the physical and spiritual travail that attended the birth of the state of Israel. Hal Lehrman, who has been reporting for many years on the Middle East, is the author of "Israel: The Beginning and Tomorrow."*

By Hal Lehrman

BEFORE the thing gets out of hand, this may be the time and space to sound alarms against a bulging trend in the Novel About Israel. No matter who the characters or what the plot, the ghosts of Palestine, Diaspora Jewry, Genocide, Whither Are We Going? or What Is the Meaning of It All? jostle one another in the story line. The specters do more talking than the flesh-and-blood personae, sometimes even within concrete quotation marks. Since all these phantoms have more or less the same messages and memories from one book to the next, the novels that they inhabit take on a family resemblance, like cousins at a funeral. The result is not only melancholy, but a melancholy bore.

This flaw is especially regrettable, apart from its own essential futility, because the outward action and substance of the over-haunted Israel novel are often likely to be fresh and valid, without benefit of spiritualism. Such is clearly the fact in two slender volumes that have lately joined the allegorical parade—both of them dealing with combat, resistance, and the stern dilemmas of sacrifice.

"Dawn," by a Hungarian-born Israeli journalist who writes in French, deals with a single night in the life of a Jewish terrorist. The time is late in the dying British Mandate. The place is a cunningly innocent house just outside Tel Aviv, ostensibly a language school, really an underground training center. In the morning the British are to hang David ben Moshe, a captured terrorist. At precisely the same instant, in pre-announced reprisal, the underground will liquidate a kidnaped British officer held as hostage. The officer is locked in the cellar. Upstairs Elisha, aged eighteen, has just received notice that he is to be the executioner.

"Burnt Offering," by an American instructor of college English who fought on the Jewish side as a volunteer in the 1948 Arab-Israeli war, has an equally promising problem. Two problems, in fact. From the kibbutz of Dror an Israeli platoon must sally forth to take a nearby Arab-held mountain point and thereby free the road to desperately beleaguered Jerusalem. An American sapper has been imported to explode the stronghold. He is a Catholic, seeking to expiate his guilt of inbred anti-Semitism. But his assigned target is a Trappist monastery. The platoon leader is a native son of Dror, a hard-nosed product of collective rearing, uncertain of his relative allegiances (or love) for family, kibbutz, or homeland. While he mounts the assault on the enemy above, the Arabs unwittingly outflank him in a murderous descent on the thinly guarded farm colony.

UNHAPPILY, the development and denouement in both books are impeded, cluttered, and obscured by interminable processions of brooding flashbacks and inner debates. The material of these introspections is certainly legitimate, dealing as it does with the cataclysmic issues of Jewish suffering and survival. But the treatment is stilted and contrived, in the main a limp rehearsal of tormented arguments already familiar from previous eternal repetition. The wraiths of the martyred and the thundering echoes of memory simply stifle the sights and sounds of real life. In several sequences, the transparent forms of the departed actually crowd the room and admonish the corporeal occupants who are trying to get on with the story.

"Burnt Offering" is further encumbered by Daniel Spicehandler's mannered style, so laden with abbreviated significance that this reader, for one, has not yet quite figured out what happened. Mr. Spicehandler writes, as it were, like an electronic Hemingway shocked with high voltages and bizarre instruments into a parody of the simple-line-with-complex-meaning technique. His text is choked with laconic grunts of conversation, scarcely a sentence of which speaks plainly. In "Dawn," author Elie Wiesel at least demonstrates a skill for sensitive communication among his characters, and between them and the reader. His final scene in the cellar, when the young executioner confronts a condemned man whom he is incapable of hating, shines gemlike with delicate writing despite interruption even here from the omnipresent ghosts. It is a pity that Mr. Wiesel could not dispense altogether with his shadows.

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The Beat in Counterpoint

"The Magic of Their Singing," by Bernard Wolfe *(Scribners. 243 pp. $3.95), splintering ikons, both beat and square, records the adventures of a Yale graduate student during a week end that stretches from the ivy of New Haven to the smoky pads of hipster Greenwich Village. David Boroff, who teaches English at New York University is the author of "Campus USA" to be published by Harper early next autumn.*

By David Boroff

IN THE last few years, the hipster novel has emerged as a full-fledged genre. It has its antecedents, to be sure, in a long line of novels about outsiders, nihilists, and the spiritually dispossessed. Its godfathers are Dostoevsky and Gide, Rimbaud and Mallarmé. Recent practitioners include Norman Mailer, Chandler Brossard, and such occasional visitors from another country as Herbert Gold.

"The Magic of Their Singing" is about as far-out a hipster novel as one can find. Not in point of view, for Bernard Wolfe is merely a bemused spectator who opts for what now seems like old-fashioned humanism. But the cast of characters are disheveled residents of the lowest depths of hip who talk in a revved-up and almost incomprehensible idiom.

The story is a headlong account of a hipster week end which moves from the collegiate pastoralism of the annual regatta at New Haven to smoky pads and violence in Greenwich Village. Hoyt Fairliss, a graduate student at Yale, is involved in an affair with a Bennington girl whose sophistication is almost as imposing as her lavishly contoured body. A devotee of Reichian analysis, Penelope is locked in ideological combat with her lover about the meaning of the sexual encounter. Formidably liberated, she is bent on attaining her own varieties of sexual experience and assails Hoyt as a "bed Communist." In protest she runs away to New York with Hoyt's roommate, the very caricature of a buttoned-down, upper-class square.

At this point the tone of the novel shifts abruptly. What was a rather mannered intellectual spoof—full of Joycean word play—turns into Grand Guignol. The New York adventure is a lost weekend abounding in crime and drugs, with jazz, both hot and cool, providing a musical counterpoint. The garish events culminate in as brutal a scene of mass rape as this reviewer has ever read.

At times "The Magic of Their Singing" seems to be a dour morality tale. Wolfe is relentless in his strictures against the beats, whom he sees as people who really "want in." ("They enveloped each other in desperate bear hugs and talked about disaffiliation.") His portrait of Llewellyn, the homosexual thug and high priest of orgy, is utterly chilling. As a counterpoise to such moral cripples, there is Shoshana Gasharid, a hard-headed, Swedish-born Israeli girl engaged in alleviating the plight of Arab refugees.

At other moments, however, Mr. Wolfe's story appears to be an exhilarating intellectual romp in which the author gleefully splinters ikons, both beat and square.

And this defines the novel's weakness; it is an uneven and unstable work—often brilliant but egregiously misshapen. Comedy plunges jerkily into melodrama, action alternates with dry, didactic stretches. Disabling, too, is the overdrawn portrait of the hipsters, from whom all humanity seems to have vanished. After a point, it is hard to take such cartoons seriously. And some readers are likely to quarrel with the hard-boiled portrayal of Negro musicians.

All this is unfortunate, because Bernard Wolfe, author of "The Great Prince Died," is a highly gifted and seriously undervalued writer. His moments of impassioned eroticism suggest Nabokov; in his powerful sense of the grotesque he reminds one of the young Huxley. And he is always dazzlingly clever, a stunning phrase-maker. But one can't escape the feeling that all too often he is kidding the reader as well as his characters.

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Milestones Toward Manhood

"The Golden Weather," by Louis Rubin *(Atheneum. 303 pp. $4.95), set in Charleston during the diamond anniversary of Fort Sumter, evokes an adolescent boy's dawning awareness of life and of his home town. Historian Earl Schenck Miers's many books include "Grass Roots."*

By Earl Schenck Miers

IN THE complacent Charleston of a quarter of a century ago the hometown folk looked forward to commemorating the seventy-fifth anniversary of the firing on old Fort Sumter. That the festivities must be twice delayed to accommodate FDR, the prize attraction of the occasion, ruffled some political feathers, but the annoyance was quickly glossed over. This is a long-ago Charleston now—an age, lost forever, when the phrase "day of infamy" had no meaning in the American historical vocabulary and there was no doctrine of integration to disturb the fading scars of old wounds.

Omar Kahn, the fourteen-year-old hero of Louis Rubin's beautifully tender novel, emerged that golden summer into his first emotional awareness of the betrayals of an environment he would forever love. The theme is as ever-new as the instinctive novelist wishes to make it, and in this respect Mr. Rubin steps forth as an extremely gifted young man. He is a storyteller with a fine sense of mood and shadow, rather than a writer of clinical reports in fiction form, which puts him well in the lead among many contemporaries. Even Omar's Jewishness, which he projects with force and depth, avoids the uncomfortable caricature that so often results, and again this is an accomplishment of no small dimension.

What saves Mr. Rubin time and again from slipping into the commonplace is a nostalgic feeling for background and event that has a good-humored wisdom to support it. Omar's summer was like any boyhood summer with the exception of a murder, which doesn't usually drop into every backyard; nor is there anything especially Charlestonian about this one excursion into melodrama. If this is a transgression, and we are not certain it is, it does not make Omar any less a delight to know. For the most part his story becomes a series of awakenings recalled: the last days of a school term; rebellion against a foolishly stubborn music teacher; building a homemade boat; the heady excitement of riding hell-on-wheels on a trolley driven by the Marvelous Ringgold; a father who lives for his roses; first love, and the dawning of sexual maturity.

And there is that much more disturbing awakening into the world of adults who walk on feet of clay. For Omar this becomes his greatest triumph —to understand, to forgive, to find

faith within himself. In the end dear Major Frampton, with his Civil War stories that are largely a poor old fellow's romancing, is sweeter for his self-delusion just as Dr. Chisholm, the local historian-poet who is always threatening to besmirch himself by writing a book for profit, is cheapened by his empty pedantry. Both are true Charlestonians, as Omar's uncle, the Hollywood script writer who has come home for the Sumter celebration, leads the boy to realize:

> Yes, it's quite a city. Nobody ever leaves it, really. They carry it right along with them, except that what they carry is what it used to be, never what it still is.

So aside from telling a most attractive story, Louis Rubin may very well be saying something of importance—to the South and to the country.

ROUND-UP BUFFOON: The far-from-archetypal hero of "**No Flowers for a Clown**" (Macmillan, $4.50), Stanley Noyes's first novel, is a rodeo clown whose driving ambition is to become a great bronc rider. Indeed in his headlong quest for excellence Shelly Foreston, Noyes's protagonist, is a sort of latter-day inverted Jay Gatsby. Rejecting his advertising-wealthy family, he is determined to fix his own destiny in a hostile firmament, and he pursues that destiny with a relentlessness that brings him quickly to the main arena and decision.

Caught up in his personal maelstrom are Charlene, a temptress in buckskins who's too much woman for her husband; Cliff, her bronco-busting husband, an insensate gambler and psychological cuckold, eager to extract his pound of flesh from any man he identifies as Charlene's lover; and Moose Gatling, a commercial artist dogging the rodeo circuits for colorful material.

Gatling, the narrator, an older man and ex-rodeo hand, sees in Shelly an extension of his own former life, along a path he never took. Like a man permitted to reorder his own past he befriends him and tries to alter the chain of events that leads to Shelly's final tragedy.

Noyes writes with little flourish, in a disarming style entirely suitable to his uncomplex material. His swiftly-paced story has the tang of horse-flesh, the flavor of the crusty men who follow the rodeos.

If he falters it is in the contrived way that he moves his narrator into strategic positions from which he can call the action. Gatling never quite convinces us that he is not on French leave from his drawing board, subject momentarily to summary recall.

But this is a minor flaw detracting little from what is really a competent first novel. Perhaps the author's scaffolding is a bit bare at times as he builds toward his denouement, but once the action is joined Noyes transcends the hat-skimming rodeo setting and skilfully tells a story whose origins are Greek. —MICHAEL VALENTI.

FRASER YOUNG'S

LITERARY CRYPT NO. 937

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 937 will be found in the next issue.

QD LK LCVG OVPLBKSRK
LQGAPMG ICBMK LK XCV
DQVS QG QV CBYCVCXF.
VPEYCV XPMFQVF.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 936

Everything in the world may be endured except continual prosperity.
—GOETHE.

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ANTHROPOLOGICAL MUSINGS

The Topic Is Tropic

"Tristes Tropiques," by Claude Lévi-Strauss, *translated by John Russell (Criterion. 398 pp. $12.50), records a distinguished anthropologist's search for values among the remote Indian tribes of interior Brazil. Nicholas Guppy is the author of "Wai-Wai: Through the Forests North of the Amazon."*

By Nicholas Guppy

THIS book consists of a series of semiautobiographical musings (ranging from descriptions of shipboard life, a sunset at sea, caterpillar-eating, penis sheaths, the fringes of civilization, to thoughts on the anthropologist's vocation) hung round a bulky central section, in which Professor Lévi-Strauss describes his visits to four progressively remoter tribes of the Brazilian interior—the Caduveo, Bororo, Nambikwara, and Tupi-Kawahib. The descriptions of this remote, dying world of the Indians, so soon, it seems, to be lost to us forever, are excellent. The analyses—of social structures, of the origins of the Social Contract—are searching, profound. One feels that rare sensation of encountering a mind rich, wide-ranging, original, wise.

Yet deep in the apple is a worm. At first one detects a lack of any strong connecting theme, of urgency, of purpose—beyond a vague curiosity about natives. Only once or twice—when the author is lost for a few hours in the vast wilderness, or when for a moment he speaks almost tenderly about the Nambikwara and their uncertain future—does any personal emotion, any feeling of involvement, break through. Almost always he prefers to generalize, even in his descriptions, rather than describe a particular incident or place:

> I have often shared the grisly doll's dinners which, during half the year, are the Nambikwara's only means of not dying of hunger. When the man returns tired and silent from a fruitless day's hunting, the woman turns to her basket and brings out a touching collection of oddities: the orange-colored fruit of the *buriti* palm, two large and poisonous spiders, a lizard or two and some of their tiny eggs, a bat, some little nuts from the *bacaiuva* or *uaguassu* palms, and a handful of locusts. The fleshed fruits are crushed by hand in a calabash filled with water, the nuts are broken open with a stone, and the animals and larvae bundled higgledy-piggledy in among the ashes; and all sit down gaily enough to a meal which, while it would barely take the edge off a white man's hunger, must here suffice for a whole family.

Gradually one becomes aware of a gnawing inner dissatisfaction: the author is too civilized, sophisticated, for the primitive world around him. He too has problems, the need for a philosophy to help him in his own society, and instead of finding the answer among man's simpler stages, he is repulsed by what he sees. Unable or unwilling to fall back on the deeper intuitive mind-levels accessible to the objects of his study, he is so anxious about being detached, about seeing both sides of every question, that the fence on which he sits has become a razor.

Had Professor Lévi-Strauss written a simple travel book about the Indians, no one would have known. But he chose to enter the arena of belles-lettres, where a certain amount of philosophizing is customary; and all unwittingly he has written about himself—his own search, his own disappointment—and, so far as solving his problem is concerned, he is a nonstarter. Ministers of religion who had doubts were once stock figures of fun. Perhaps scientists and Marxists with doubts are about to replace them.

IDEALISM: "Man in Process" (World, $4.50) is a representative collection of the ideas Ashley Montagu's audiences have most applauded during the last twenty years: the fallacy of race as a biological concept, the invalidity of assuming differences in intelligence and cultural capacity among ethnic groups, the primacy of biological cooperation over biological competition, the natural superiority of women, the nescience of the Australian aborigines, the spiritual elevation of primitive peoples, the power of man to shape his destiny, and myriad lesser propositions of an idealistic sort. It is not necessarily a criticism to say that all but four of the twenty-three chapters are already in print, for making available otherwise inaccessible material is a service; but an author who makes a book out of previously published bits and pieces owes his readers a thorough job of editing.

In Chapter 23 (which should have been omitted entirely, since it is a twenty-year-old argument over an unfavorable book review), he says, "Dr. Róheim will no doubt be thoroughly shocked when I state that I am quite unconvinced by this account or his interpretation of it." I will be thoroughly surprised if Dr. Róheim is thoroughly shocked, for he has been dead for eight years. This is not a unique instance of anachronistic carelessness: in Chapter 6 the author argues in the present tense with Professor Keith, who died shortly after his protégé, Piltdown Man. Editorial slovenliness allows factual errors to creep in also, but only one bothers me enough to correct it publicly: R. M. Zingg, the champion of the wolf children, was not a member of the University of Colorado faculty.

Ashley Montagu gets little enough applause from his sometimes envious colleagues, but I admire controversial thought sufficiently to defend his right to express all his opinions, particularly since he uses them to build an imaginary world more beautiful than the real one. He is like Edward Hicks, painting Peaceable Kingdoms in which lions lie down with lambs, but Montagu even takes the hungry look off the face of the lion. Human beings come into the world trailing clouds of love, and only post-natal training in iniquity makes the world the mess it is. To recover our lost innocence, he says, we must not only study war no more, but go back to prayer (for, he maintains, there is a biological basis for religion), bearing babies at home (domiciled neonates are healthier because of Love), and breast-feeding (the only advantage he sees in bottle-feeding "is that the bottle-fed baby doesn't get as much cigarette ash in his eyes as the breast-fed baby"). "Man in Process" will persuade many readers that this world has much less ill than good, and they will train themselves accordingly, but the more cynical of us will just put the whole argument down to Ashley Montagu's latest ambition, which apparently is to become the Norman Vincent Peale of anthropology.

—From "Tristes Tropiques"

—JOHN GREENWAY.

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Attic Rime of the Ancient Mariner

"The Odyssey," by Homer, translated by Robert Fitzgerald *(Doubleday. 475 pp. $4.95), and* ***"The Odyssey of Homer," translated by Ennis Rees*** *(Random House. 409 pp. $5), are attempts to capture in English Homer's thunder and surge. Kimon Friar, who translated Kazantzakis's "The Odyssey: A Modern Sequel," is now preparing his own rendering of the ancient epic.*

By Kimon Friar

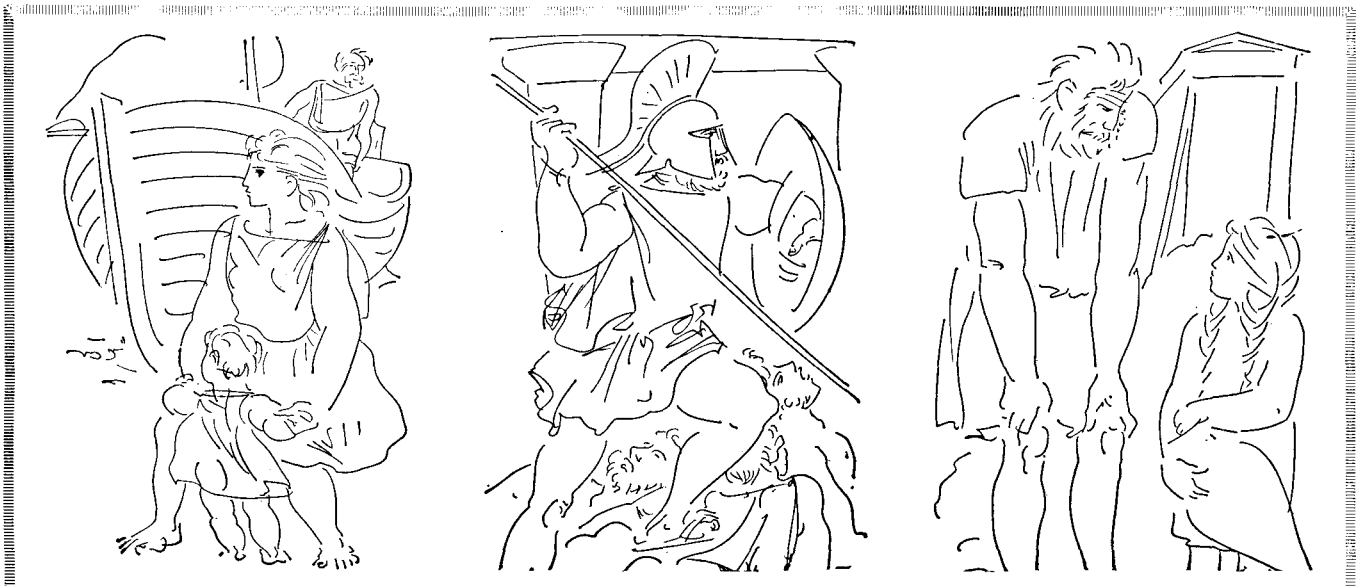
IN 1733 the anonymous author of a scathing poem, "On the English Translation of Homer: A Satire," could fling his darts at four complete verse renditions of the "Iliad" and the "Odyssey," and at three long excerpts from the latter. From his opening line, the satirist hits hard: "He's base, who would degrade what's truly fine," and soon rises to scornful indignation: "What Mortal can withhold Disdain and Rage?" He finds Chapman's version "a most prodigious Length of Barb'rous Words," which presents Homer "rack'd and tortur'd to our eyes"; Ogilsby is "dull and low"; poor Hobbes is "Philosopher too soon! and Bard too late!"; and as for Pope: "No Dancing Master has a Monarch's ayr." Time has given his strictures point, and must give lengthy pause to all who would sprint into the arena "Rashly to cope with such stupendous Things." Nor was Swift less sparing of commentators, for in "Gulliver's Travels," when Laputan necromancers summon Homer from Hades at the head of all his commentators, it was whispered that they always kept "in the most distant quarter from their principal in the lower world, because they had so horribly misrepresented their author's meaning to posterity."

And yet, for all that, Lawrence of Arabia in 1932 could count his the twenty-eighth version of the "Odyssey," though my own rough reckoning would place it somewhere in the mid-thirties. If I were to consider known excerpts, the tally would reach beyond seventy-five, two-thirds of them in verse.

The "Odyssey" has been translated into prose literal (Buckley, Cary, Mongan, Murray), prose "rhythmical" (Palmer), prose pseudo-archaic (Butcher and Lang), prose wrought (Lawrence), prose colloquial (Butler, Rouse, Rieu), and even into prose Esperanto (Manders). It has been turned into couplets "rare, medium, and well done," as Samuel Hoffenstein would say, of rhymed pentameter (Chapman, Ogilsby, Sotheby), of rhymed heptameter (du Cane), and of heroic breed (Fenton, Pope, Giles); into blank verse plain (Hobbes, Norgate, Musgrave, Bigge-Wither, Edington, Bryant, Schomberg, Cudworth, Cordery, Marris, Higham) and into blank verse Miltonic (Cowper, Wright); into iambic-anapestic pentameter (Andrew, Lindsay) and hexameter (Way, Morris, Grylls); and into ballad measure (Newman, Maginn), quatrain rhymed (Gladstone), quatrain Rubáiyát (Mackail), stanza Ariosto (Sandford), stanza Spenserian (Worsley), and, of course, into the "original meter" (Cotterill, Caulfield, Schumann). It has been translated by students in Classical Honors, bona fide scholars, adventurers, reverends, archdeacons, statesmen, philosophers, noblemen. Now an associate professor of English at the University of South Carolina (Ennis Rees) and a distinguished American poet (Robert Fitzgerald) have entered the lists with two new verse translations, and the end is nowhere in sight. Alas, I also shall one day wear the hairshirt (to shift the metaphor) and exclaim *mea culpa!*

Every generation demands new renditions of the classics into its own diction and idiom, particularly if they are rendered in verse, for styles in poetry vary more than those in prose. Nevertheless, a reader sensitive to style and integrity can admire the re-creations of a past generation, provided that they are consistent and harmonious. I hold the Butcher-Lang translation in awe because its Wardour Street English and Arthurian archaisms are all marvelously of a piece and yet amazingly, almost literally, accurate.

Lawrence's version is the wrought prose of a man of action brooding on



—Illustrations from "The Odyssey," translated by Robert Fitzgerald.

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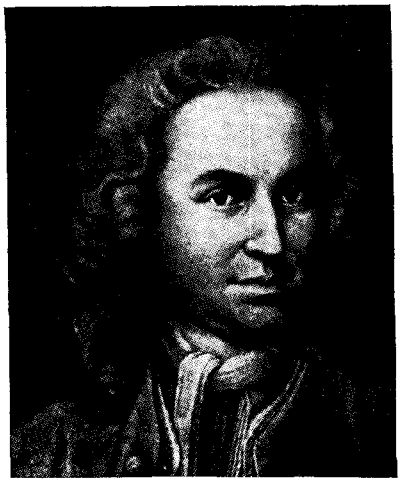
style: often artificed, but often swift and splendid. Of the colloquial modern versions, Rieu's seems to me by far the best revamping of Homeric words and idioms into contemporary counterparts (much better than Rouse's), but what it gains in pace and clean narrative action it loses in "nobility." Chapman's and Pope's transpositions into rhymed couplets should not be considered translations, but paraphrases, and should be judged as original poems containing the excellencies and eccentricities of these diametrically opposed poets and their times. Bently's comment still holds true: "A very pretty poem, Mr. Pope, but do not call it Homer," and Keats's famous Sonnet has permitted many to hold the highest opinion of Chapman's paraphrase without the necessity of reading and appraising it for themselves. I have often wished that Keats had written a sequel: "On a *Second* Look into Chapman's Homer"! Cowper often stumbles in a labyrinth of Miltonic subordinations and inversions foreign to Homer's style and temperament; Bryant, rising not much higher than competence, buries his poem in its own thanatopsis; and Morris's rhymed iambic anapests drift into the mists of a Celtic Twilight and a Pre-Raphaelite paradise. But how can any one generation understand the mannerisms and style of another generation which, in its turn, attempts to capture the meaning, mannerisms, and mores of a civilization some two and a half thousand years vanished? Homer was himself recreating an age about four hundred years before his own.

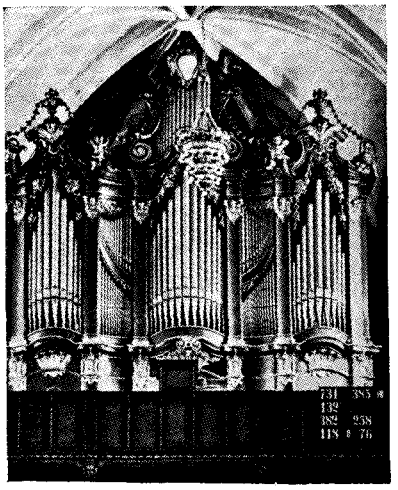
PROFESSOR REES writes in his Introduction that the meter he found best for rendering the original dactylic hexameter "is a loose measure of five major stresses plus a varying number of relatively unaccented syllables." In practice his line resolves itself into an iambic-anapestic pentameter in which the "unaccented syllables" come so frequently as anapests or paeonics (three unstressed and one stressed syllable) that it falls into a tripping measure more suitable for nursery song, doggerel, or ballad than for epic.

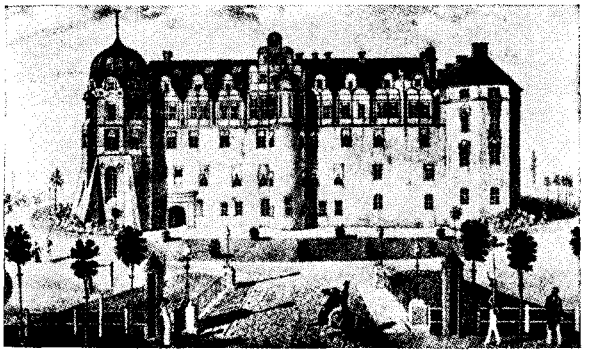
I have always thought the anapestic or dactylic measures foreign to the genius of English verse, often imparting a pleasing lilt to short lyrical pieces or folk songs, lending variety to a measure predominantly iambic, but unsuited by their nature to long poems. Professor Schumann's experiments with the "Odyssey" in dactylic hexameter seem to me the only successful ones I know, but they, too, would be intolerable for long periods. Even Aristotle in his "Poetics" thought the iambic more native to Greek colloquial speech, and this is certainly true of English. The rippling iambic-anapestic measure and a diction neither vulgar nor stilted lend to Rees's translation a speed and simplicity which are admirable, but the meter frequently trips into doggerel and the diction often lacks imaginative overtones. His translation has the virtues of plate glass: the view is crystal clear, but the heroic figures move in the fields of prose. The choice here lies not between Rees and Fitzgerald, but between Rees and Rieu; a prose imagination should not try to fly when it can only flutter, but should walk steadily in peripatetic lanes. And yet it is Rees, not Fitzgerald who retains the recurring Homeric epithets and circumlocutions. In Rees, Zeus exclaims, in true Homeric fashion: "My child, what words are these that you let pass/The barrier of your teeth!" whereas in Fitzgerald the God speaks with the sane restraint of a modern man: "My child, what strange remarks you let escape you."

The verse translation that I have hitherto found most tolerable (to contradict myself) was written not by a poet but by a scholar, Sir William Marris (1925, blank verse, and *not* Morris), though Fitzgerald's translation now seems to me by all odds the best available in English. While the majority of his lines are in blank verse (unrhymed iambic pentameter), they are often truncated by a syllable or two, are frequently varied from lines of one foot only to lines of seven feet (often when the action becomes violent, as in the opening of Book XXII), Calypso at times speaks in rhymed couplets, Hermes in rhymed tetrameter octaves, and the Sirens sing their fateful song in rhymed trimeter-dimeter quatrains. All this lends variety and pace, and throughout one is aware (as one is not in Rees) that a distinguished poetic mind is at work imaginatively shaping and reshaping its materials, for Fitzgerald takes many more liberties than

The World of J. S. Bach







THE MUSICAL LIFE of early eighteenth-century Germany is recaptured in Werner Neumann's **"Bach: A Pictorial Biography"** (Viking, $5.95). Upper left: the composer at about thirty years of age; upper right: the organ of the Sophienkirche, Dresden, where he played a recital in 1731 and where his son Wilhelm Friedemann was organist for fourteen years; center: the ducal palace at Celle, "a miniature Versailles," in whose fine chamber orchestra Bach was employed as a violinist in 1703, when he was eighteen.

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Rees. Nevertheless, a long narrative poem, I believe, should be composed in one measure only (as in Homer, Dante, and Milton), with the adroit variations native to that measure, just as in the ordeal of long-distance running the athlete must keep a steady pace (varied with his heartbeat) to preserve his stamina and insure his finish over his more erratic followers.

Matthew Arnold's prescription for a good translation from Homer still seems to me admirable: rapidity, simplicity of style, plainness of thought, nobility. Both Rees and Fitzgerald succeed eminently in the first three, but with this immense difference between them: Rees succeeds in the level plains of prose and Fitzgerald in the higher reaches of poetry. I know of no one, however, who has succeeded totally in terms of "nobility"—Chapman, perhaps, in a few isolated passages. For many, nobility is not an attribute of our times, or one that our extremely colloquial language can invest. In the Introduction to his verse translation of the "Iliad" (Fitzgerald, unfortunately, has not supplied us with one), Richmond Lattimore writes that "nobility is not a quality to be directly striven for," because today—among other defects—"we do not have a poetic dialect."

Homer's diction seems to have been one of mixed dialects woven into a colloquial fabric and adorned with much artifice and archaism in expression. The good English usage of Rees and Fitzgerald both (and of Lattimore in his "Iliad") cannot of itself act as a transparency to noble ideas and actions (especially those of an ancient time) and thus take on the tones of nobility. Too many poets and scholars today, rightly suspicious of poetic inflation of any sort, have rendered the Greek classics in the denuded style of modern colloquial prose, forgetting that Dionysus in ancient times was as much worshiped as Apollo, and that the "serene" Greek statues, as we know them today, were originally painted in vivid colors.

It has occurred to me that though the translator might base his diction on modern colloquial usage, he should strive, perhaps, to compose with a fuller orchestration of vowel and consonantal sound than that utilized by Fitzgerald, Rees, or Lattimore, and thus by esthetic texture lift common diction into the realms of music and impart to it the "winged words" of Homer. Fitzgerald's translation insists on being read in the well-modulated tones of the modern man of taste, and perhaps Homer requires the fuller resonance of a Dylan Thomas or a William Butler Yeats, both of whom, by using common words with sonorous effect, imparted a sense of nobility to their modern dilemmas. It should never be forgotten that the "Odyssey" and the "Iliad" were chanted or sung by minstrels accompanied by musical instruments, and never simply well spoken. But perhaps I am indeed writing of the impossible, and in the present realm of possibility Fitzgerald's superb translation must rank first.

THE POET AT SCHOOL: Scholars of Shelley and of the Romantic period will long have been anticipating the series of eight projected volumes that will make available within a frame of superb scholarship the material on Shelley and his intimates contained in the fabulous library of the late Karl H. Pforzheimer. The first two volumes (boxed) are now available under the title **"Shelley and His Circle, 1773-1822,"** edited by Kenneth Neill Cameron (Harvard University Press, $30). General readers will probably find the price forbidding and the material treated too incidental for their tastes, yet certainly the work must be cited to the envy of collectors, to the delight of all who relish fine book-making, and as a model of difficult scholarship lucidly accomplished.

A lesser editor than Mr. Cameron might well have lost his way (or the reader's) in a jungle of footnotes. Mr. Cameron had, in fact, to evolve his own systems for annotating his complex materials—consisting in the present volumes largely of letters by Shelley written during his school days, and of manuscripts from Godwin's hand. Each item had to be transcribed with whatever textual notes were necessary (it is in these textual notes that a number of the letters are restored from earlier editorial suppressions and changes), each had to be described physically along with an account of its provenance, and each had to be correlated to other pertinent items.

Mr. Cameron and his contributing editors have rescued the material from felonious footnotery primarily by enclosing it in a continuous narrative that contains detailed introductions to each of the characters of the circle, and a general background of their relationships and of the times. Urbanely written and seemingly omniscient within its area, this narrative is a far more lively and informative thing than the material itself. How could it be otherwise, the nature of these first holographs considered? Fine scholarship can set small matter in large context. We look forward to the larger matter to come in Shelley's more mature periods.

What is certain at the start is that a piece of great scholarship is under way, and that Harvard University Press has given it an appropriately distinguished format. —JOHN CIARDI.

Infant with Spoon

By Judson Jerome

HAVING learned to sit like a balloon full of water,
you have not learned all, daughter.

Be educated by whatever comes
in the fish grip of your gums

and seal your meditations in this school
with a slow tear of drool

on the kitchen floor. Before you ask what for,
ask *what*. Explore

plastic without plasticity, pure blue
you cannot see into nor through,

a straightness stuck to roundness, smoothly sheer,
not lollipop, but hemisphere

alleged to hold 1 tbs. (or three
times 1 tsp.)

Texture today you twist your fist, intent.
Tomorrow, mysteries of measurement.

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U. S. History's Great Single Event

"The Legacy of the Civil War: Meditations on the Centennial," by Robert Penn Warren *(Random House. 109 pp. $2.75), contemplates the struggle in terms of its historical and philosophical significance today. Richard L. Tobin is the author of "Decisions of Destiny."*

By Richard L. Tobin

ROBERT PENN WARREN's slight, intensely written volume sees the late unpleasantness in the vaster tapestry of the whole of U.S. history. Professor Warren calls it, justly, "the great single event" of our history and, without much wrenching, it may be said "to *be* American history." To the uninitiated non-Civil War reader this may seem generalizing nonsense; yet the author makes a good case for the fact that the American Revolution did not create a nation except on paper and that it took the test of history—in our case the unbelievably spectacular years between 1861-1865—to project that vision.

Best of all, it seems to me, this marvelous little book dramatizes the ambivalence deep inside many a Confederate breast. The story is retold of General Pickett, marching his fated division toward Gettysburg and passing a small but defiant Pennsylvania Dutch girl who waved a Federal flag. Pickett, who only hours later was to lead an impossible ridge assault that would cost him half of his entire force of 10,000, took off his hat and bowed to the Union child. Asked why he had honored the enemy flag, the general said, "I saluted the heroic womanhood in the heart of that brave little girl, and the glorious old banner under which I won my first laurels." Stonewall Jackson and Robert E. Lee felt similar nostalgia from time to time and they said so.

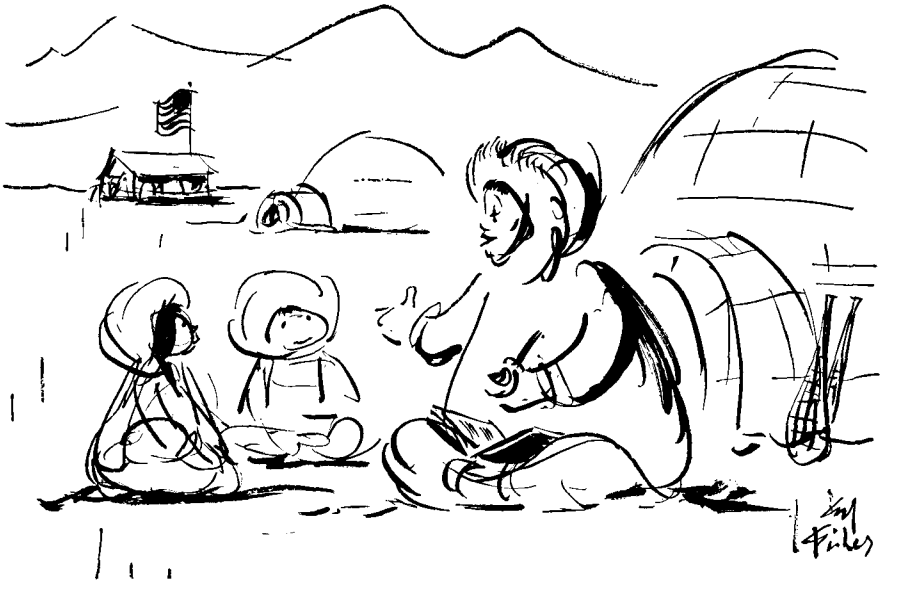
Robert Penn Warren is the ideal man to write such a monograph because he was born a Southerner, lived and taught in the South, deeply loves the South because he understands it, yet knows that, since the Civil War abolished slavery and removed the most important impediment to true Union, it was best that the South lost in the end. He quotes an old man of his own acquaintance who had ridden for three years with the fabulous cavalryman, General Forrest, and had never regretted a moment of that adventurous association, but who would have sadly regretted the sight of his country "Balkanized." You cannot put the ambivalence better than that.

Above and beyond all else, the Civil War was massively tragic, Professor Warren writes. The word *tragedy* is often used loosely, but "here we use it at its deepest significance: the image in action of the deepest questions of man's fate and man's attitude toward his fate. For the Civil War is, massively, that. It is the story of a crime of monstrous inhumanity into which almost innocently men stumbled; of consequences which could not be trammeled up, and of men who entangled themselves more and more vindictively and desperately until the powers of reason were twisted and their very virtues perverted; of a climax drenched with blood but with nobility gleaming ironically, and redeemingly, through the murk; of a conclusion in which, for the participants at least, there is a reconciliation by human recognition."

For the American imagination the Civil War *was* the great single event of our history. Mr. Warren concludes his book: "We see how the individual men, despite failings, blindness, and vice, may affirm for us the possibility of the dignity of life. It is a tragic dignity that their story affirms, but it may evoke strength. And in the contemplation of the story, some of that grandeur, even in the midst of the confused issues, shadowy chances, and brutal ambivalences of our life and historical moment may rub off on us. And that may be what we yearn for after all."

Centennial writing seems to fall into three areas: popular nonsense overflowing with heroic clichés aimed at the uninitiated; regional academic trivia; and the real thing—a deeply dug and beautifully executed venture into new intellectual ground. A glorious few, Bruce Catton and Robert Penn Warren among them, qualify for this third and only laurel wreath.

ROCK OF CHICKAMAUGA: A bit more than two months after climactic Gettysburg, Union forces began to press their new advantage against the Western troops of Confederate General Braxton Bragg just over the Tennessee border in northern Georgia. Below Chattanooga, in the shadows of Missionary Ridge, Bragg faced Rosecrans, each with close to 65,000 men who knew, as did the whole nation, that the fate of Atlanta and indeed the entire South depended on the outcome of this fresh attempt to cut through the middle of the Confederacy. The result, over September 19 and 20, 1863, was the carnage involving 38,000 casualties that we call the Battle of Chickamauga, named for a muddy creek that flows up into the Tennessee River just above Chattanooga. How Bragg very nearly captured the entire force of Rosecrans when Wood on the right withdrew to aid the Federal left and center, how the veteran Rosecrans fled in panic toward Chattanooga believing all lost, how



". . . Well, after we Northerners won the Civil War . . ."

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George Henry Thomas stood his ground like a rock against Longstreet, though utterly abandoned by Rosecrans, and through sheer courage kept Chickamauga from becoming a monumental Union disaster, is the exciting story Glenn Tucker details in the four hundred tightly written pages of **"Chickamauga, Bloody Battle in the West"** (Bobbs-Merrill, $6). If you like your Civil War in heroic generalities, this one is not for you; but if, like this correspondent, you revel in intricate military, geographic, and political detail, in scholarship so true you simply cannot fault it (nor seldom disagree with the author's astute interpretations), then this marvelously constructed mosaic of what was perhaps the most stubbornly contested battle in American history is precisely your menu.

Glenn Tucker's previous "High Tide at Gettysburg" was, for this reader, an unforgettable experience in its wealth of undeniably authentic minutiae describing the most famous of Civil War battles. Yet "Chickamauga" is a better written book; it is more carefully constructed, more original in scope, more thoroughly persuasive that Bragg and Rosecrans and Garfield and Granger and Longstreet and Thomas were living men with the doubts and failings, thirstings and small triumphs of human beings, not puppets on strings of history. The book's four parts expose Mr. Tucker's organizational plan: "Rosecrans: Gifted Eccentric" is followed by "Bragg: Brusque, Prickly But 'Will Fight'." Then come "Longstreet: Whirlwind in the Forest," whose breakthrough at the Federal right-center is finally contained by "Thomas: Rock of Chickamauga." All details of personnel, source, reference, and bibliography can be found in this splendid and difficult work, researched beyond belief by the author, crystal clear, and enormously interesting to a Civil War buff.

HE SAVED MISSOURI FOR THE UNION: The spring of 1861 found stirring events about to explode along the Western border, which was then Missouri. If Missouri went over to the Confederacy, a formidable border state was lost and, worse still, a keystone Western state. Brigadier General Nathaniel Lyon and his army of the West put out this fire before it became a conflagration—and if anyone saved Missouri for the Union, Lyon did, if we are to believe Hans Christian Adamson and his **"Rebellion in Missouri: 1861"** (Chilton, $5). Lyon scraped together a volunteer army and marched it into Rebel Missouri, deep into the southwestern corner of the state. Near Springfield, he won the battle of Wilson's Creek—there to die and become immortal. —R. L. T.

After Eichmann:

JUSTICE AND THE JEWS

By T. S. MATTHEWS, *an SR editor-at-large and former editor of Time magazine. Mr. Matthews, who is an Episcopalian and the son of an Episcopal bishop, covered the first part of the Eichmann trial.*

EVER SINCE the Jews were exiled from their own country by Titus, some 1,900 years ago, they have usually been a problem to the other nations among whom they have been temporarily captives or temporarily tolerated. They have been aliens, accepted on sufferance, always liable to persecution, often evicted for apparently whimsical or trumped-up reasons. From the days of ancient Egypt, various countries have sought various solutions to the problem: the most usual one has been to banish the Jews, thus exporting the nuisance into someone else's territory.

What is there about the Jews, or the Gentiles, or the effect of one upon the other, that could account for this persistent, hateful, and sometimes murderous dislike? It is the Jews themselves, naturally, who have most deeply pondered the question. "What is that irritant in the Jews," says Professor J. L. Talmon, "which evokes this wicked or at least irrational response? . . . I would say the fact that they are different and that others are unwilling to take their existence and their rights for granted." Israel Zangwill was of the same opinion. There have been many other attempts to unwrap the enigma of why Jewishness vexes or infuriates non-Jews.

Professor Arnold Toynbee, a soft-spoken man whose historical theories have generated more hard words and heat than any historian's of our day, in effect begs the whole question of Jewishness by saying that it has long ceased to be of much importance. When Judaism fathered Christianity, he says, it resigned its potential influence and became a fossilized sect. He believes that the Jews since then have played a negligible part in history, generally remaining on the sidelines of whatever national game was going (and not even cheering). He has now, apparently, modified this view, which made no allowance for such awkward facts as this: that three of the four men who have most influenced the world in the last 100 years—Marx, Darwin, Freud, and Einstein—were Jews. Furthermore Toynbee cannot forgive the Jews for what he considers their overweening tribal conceit, an intolerant and intolerable pride which has now led them into the immoral action of wresting Palestine from its Arab inhabitants and setting up their own aggressive "statelet" of Israel.

On reconsideration, he now thinks that Judaism might still be a candidate for a world religion—if only the Jews would stop being so exclusive about it. This has understandably angered more Jews than it has pleased. Judaism is not a proselytizing religion, they point out, but neither is it a closed society; anyone who seriously wants to can become a Jew.

Few Jews, and perhaps even fewer Gentiles, would agree with Professor Toynbee's conclusions or with his assessment of Jewishness. Neither do the Jews agree among themselves about who, exactly, they are or what, exactly, their role in history has been – and still may be. But some facts of Jewish life perhaps not even the Jews would dispute.

FIRST, that they have always been "a peculiar people"; not in Orwell's nihilistically satiric sense that "all animals are equal but some are more equal than others," but simply that the Jews were born morally precocious and have always been, in this respect, a jump ahead of the rest of the human race. They invented or discovered God; if that Hebrew shorthand symbol is now archaic or meaningless, it might be translated, in Professor Talmon's words, as "the idea of a whole people recognizing as its sovereign God alone. The Laws under which it lives are not dictated by a ruler, are not derived from the will of the people, are not a utilitarian contrivance." They also developed, and maintained, a civilization founded on reverence for a Book, so that the Jews have always prized learning and wisdom more than material accomplishment.

The state of Israel is secular or at any rate semi-secular; unlike the ancient Children of Israel, it no longer

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acknowledges divine guidance—although a saying is current in some free-thinking Israeli circles that the difference between the Messiah and Ben-Gurion is that the Messiah will never come and Ben-Gurion will never go. And yet, and yet . . . I was told by a friend in London who is partly Jewish but completely "non-observant" that in Israel I would feel the faith of the people "like a tangible thing."

"Faith?" I asked. "Faith in what?"

"Oh, just *faith*."

And it is true. Perhaps it is only an intenser kind of patriotism than we possess in more settled and therefore more uncertain democracies. The Israelis' tremendous pioneering task and the ever-present danger which surrounds them no doubt have something to do with it. But there is more to it than that. The quarrels among Jews over Zionism now seem academic: Israel exists, Zionism has won its struggle for a Jewish homeland. Whether or not they "come home," as Ben-Gurion sometimes seems to want them to (but where would he put them all, if they did?), Jews now have a place they call home, as Britain is "home" to the British-descended colonials of the Commonwealth. Furthermore, the kinship that is acknowledged by members of the British Commonwealth is much thinner-blooded than the ties that bind world Jewry—a different relationship altogether.

SUPPOSING the Jews were in truth the chosen people, chosen by something the German would call fate, or by something the Jews used to call (in roundabout terms, for the Thing itself was thought to be too powerful and too dangerously unknown to be mentioned directly) God; or simply chosen by the rest of us as a convenient scapegoat when things went wrong. Supposing any or all of these things were true, or thought to be true. There is still another possible explanation: that the Jews, whether they wanted to be or not—and their complaints against life and God form some of the greatest and most poetic passages in scripture—have been in fact a kind of moral deterrent in the world.

"Deterrent" is a word much in use amongst us nowadays. We all know what it means: a $64,000,000 word for bomb, superbomb, or "intercontinental missile" whose whole purpose is to keep peace in our time, O Lord, by threatening the wicked enemy who would not hesitate to destroy us with his bombs, etc., if he were not scared off by this continual menace to himself. But when does a deterrent cease to be a deterrent? As soon as it is used. Then the threat is expended in action, the fat is in the fire, the devil take the hindmost.

Is it possible to think of the Jews as having been, in their time, such an unfulfilled threat in the moral sphere? I can imagine the Nazis, for one, laughing themselves purple at the very idea. In what way have the Jews, simply by being Jews, ever deterred anybody from doing anything bad? It might even seem, on the contrary, that on the whole they have had the opposite effect: their meekness, their powerlessness, their piety have tended to bring out the beast in the rest of us. Are pogroms and persecution and suspicious dislike an indication that we have felt a moral power being exerted on us by the Jews?

Yes, I think it not only possible but likely. As long as the scattered, despised, or barely tolerated Jews still held the certainty of themselves as a people peculiarly responsible in all their actions to an absolute, non-human Ruler of the Universe, and to Him alone, their dogged attitude not only made us feel uneasy but inferior—and therefore infuriated. I do not contend that this moral deterrent was a success. Nobody can prove, as yet, that our own form of deterrent will have been a success, either.

NOW, perhaps for the first time in their history, the Jews are exacting justice from their fellow man, not demanding it hopelessly from God. The Eichmann trial, the state of Israel, are interrelated forms of that action. The question of God's justice they have apparently decided to abandon to the rabbis; they themselves certainly never got much satisfaction from it. Is this the last chapter, or a new paragraph in Jewish history? How can anyone tell? But if it helps Jew and Gentile to look on each other as fellow men and fellow citizens, then perhaps—who knows?—someday the United States may even have a Jewish President.

I hope I live long enough to vote for him.

"Can't you shoot something that will go better with Chippendale?"

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Saturday Review

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Psychology as a Key

PERHAPS the most powerful fact about the Soviet Union today is that it is losing its national inferiority complex. Its policy toward the United States—indeed, its general behavior as a nation—can best be understood in the light of the deep emotional factors that continue to shape the thinking of the government and its people. Any analysis of the Soviet Union that takes only the dynamics of Marxism into account is bound to be misleading or incomplete. Along with the ideological goes the psychological.

For most of its forty-four years Russia has been a society in hibernation. It dug in against what it felt was a hostile world intent on revoking its revolution and way of life. Despite all their talk about the distant sweep of history and long-range plans, the Russians had a tentative, anxious feeling about life. A national by-product was an obsessive feeling of suspicion.

The attempt of the Western powers in the Archangel expedition to reverse the Bolshevik overthrow at the close of the First World War gave impetus to the Russian fears. Then came a long period of internal fumbling and bungling that lent substance to the pitiless derision of the foreigner. Cartoons about the Russians would show clumsy oafs tripping over themselves. They were supposed to be ungainly, unlettered, unshaven, and incapable of creating a modern industrial society.

As late as 1946, the military head of the U.S. Manhattan District Project said publicly that he saw no prospect of the Soviet Union ever utilizing nuclear energy for military purposes, even if the Russians were handed all the blueprints. "They can't even make a Model T Ford," he said. "How can you expect them to make an atomic bomb?" Articles in economic and technical journals spoke about the lack of Russian industrial and scientific know-how. Copious figures would be cited to support the contention the Russians were at least a half-century behind the United States in steel-producing techniques and capacity. For their military potential, they were said to be predominantly dependent upon manpower rather than upon modern, highly mobile striking forces equipped with sophisticated hardware.

What was significant here was that these stereotypes were not without some reflection in the thinking of many Russians about themselves. To be sure, much of it was blamed on circumstances beyond their control. The Czars had not made it possible for the Russian people as a whole to develop the education that went into the making of a cultured society. Feudalism had retarded the national agriculture. The rest of the West had a head start of perhaps half a century in its industrialization. As a result of the Second World War, with 12,000,000 Russians killed and more than 3,000,000 homes destroyed, the entire nation was pushed back many years in its development. Even so, more than a few Russians wondered whether their station in life was just a matter of tough luck; they wondered whether they might not possibly be behind the rest of the parade for reasons going far beyond the stated ones.

A sense of inferiority doesn't make for a relaxed or indifferent approach to life. It makes for hypersensitivity, for tension, for resentment of those who seem to flaunt their own high estate, and for a bristling desire to excel. Logically, too, it makes for a proclaiming society, intent on advertising its goals, minimizing its real weaknesses, and acquiring a genuine superiority.

The mammoth exuberance of the Russian government and its people over Sputnik several years ago and Yuri Gagarin's space flight more recently becomes explicable against such a background. Wherever I went in the Soviet Union I found people wearing Gagarin pins, or sending postcards carrying his photograph, or buying magazines or books telling the story of his life and his exploits in space. Yet it was clear that what was being celebrated went far beyond Mr. Gagarin's ascent. What was being celebrated—along with Sputnik and nuclear energy and modern apartment houses and chromium-plated new cars and television sets and wristwatches and cameras and savings banks and vacation resorts and modern universities—was the culminating proof that the Russians had finally and indisputably arrived as a great nation. Moreover, they had made it on their own.

The result is an unmistakable new mood of confidence. The Iron Curtain has been replaced by the Red Magnet. The Russians have little hesitation now about bringing people in and displaying their gains. They welcome not just Western scoffers but Asian and African visitors whose own countries are confronted with the need to industrialize in a relatively short time. One sign of the new confidence, in fact, is that they can now afford to permit the outsider to see some of the worst as well as much of the best.

It is not true that Soviet attitudes or responses flow solely out of a belief in the laws of historical determination. There are two Russian responses—one for the stern, haughty, contemptuous outsider, the other for those who are

(*Continued on page* 31)

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

THE PEACE CORPS

I HAVE JUST read George E. Sokolsky's article on the Peace Corps [*SR*, June 17] and I wondered if I might raise a question. It isn't my own question, nor, indeed, is my tentative answer my own. As a result of a recent lecture tour that took me all across the United States I met a large number of American school and college students. Regardless of whether I had been talking to them about literature or about modern India or about Russia, the first question from my audience would be, with almost monotonous regularity, about the value of the Peace Corps. I daresay that because I wear a sari I must have seemed to them (however diffidently) a representative of Asia—and I was amazed at how many of them were thinking specifically in terms of joining the Peace Corps in Asia. What, they kept asking, would *we* (Asians) think of it? What, they insisted, was its significance to the rest of the world?

I knew very little about the Peace Corps—just what I had read in the papers—and consequently often turned the question back to them. Why did *they* consider joining the Peace Corps? Almost invariably they answered that they saw it as an opportunity to learn something—and, besides, some of them added, it sounded like fun. Well, I couldn't help agreeing with them so I put it, uncertainly, to Mr. Sokolsky that perhaps a good part of the purpose of the Peace Corps is to learn, not merely to teach; that "having fun" is a fine first step to understanding a foreign situation and foreign people (I can't see how one can really understand people one doesn't *like* in some way); that these activities, learning, teaching, and enjoying oneself, are all interconnected; that, finally, in my small experience, American students have both the enthusiasm and the *joie de vivre* to learn and "have fun." They will probably teach without being grimly urged to it—their presence alone will carry a great deal of power. But does it matter if they don't teach?

SANTHA RAMA RAU.

New York, N.Y.

THE PEACE CORPS is to live with the natives, sharing their hardships, understanding them, and "changing our image." But these natives aren't interested in entertaining college boys, and they don't want understanding. They want to live like the people in the Hollywood movies they have seen, with supermarkets and big cars. They would like to raise their standard of living, not have condescending Americans come to share it.

But why a Peace Corps? Big business and the U.S. Government have been employing natives for years, paying them indigenous wages of one-third or less for the same work done by Americans. The U.S. has had years of opportunity to improve the life of the "natives." Since we didn't improve their standard of living while we had the chance, now we are sending the college kids over to share their low standard of living. . . . Will the natives buy it? Probably not. The Peace Corps is a good example of American hypocrisy, not to mention being too little and too late.

GEORGE PARTIS.

Santa Rosa, Calif.

THOUGH IT MAY appear far less spectacular than many other projects, the Peace Corps will indeed be performing a most vital adjunct, seemingly so long lacking in other projects—the warm personal familiarity, the one indispensable social function.

As R. Sargent Shriver says, "Their mission is not to convert but to communicate." One may be sure, I think, that the Peace Corps will be completely devoid of any excessively artificial and calculated orthodoxy.

HARRY KRUSE.

San Francisco, Calif.

BEING A LATIN AMERICAN myself, I have read the debate on the Peace Corps with great interest. I have been deeply impressed by what Mr. Shriver expects his project to achieve and agree on his view that those participating in the Peace Corps program must "communicate," not "convert."

However, may I suggest that in order to help in the training of the participants, Peace Corps officials should get the advice and knowledge of those who, like myself, live in the area and are therefore familiar with the problems and needs of their respective countries.

I am sure many of us would be glad to assist them in various fields. Peace Corps officials can find us "just around the corner."

HERNAN CONTRERAS.
Indiana University.

Bloomington, Ind.

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TRACTOR TRADE

RE WILLIAM D. PATTERSON'S editorial "The Calloused Conscience" [*SR*, June 10]: These 1,214 prisoners whom we have tried to liberate are, as he has so well said, "gallant men who fought for freedom and democracy on our behalf and at our behest on the shores of Castro's Cuba."

It is unfortunate that not every American has been magnaminous in responding to the appeal to liberate these men, and that some have been "mean-spirited, befogging this issue with petty legalisms and wounded vanity."

I think you should know, however, that the mail we have received indicates that an overwhelming majority of the American people support this effort and are prepared to respond if Castro does not renege on his publicly proclaimed promises to liberate the prisoners in exchange for 500 agricultural tractors.

WALTER P. REUTHER.
Co-Chairman,
Tractors for Freedom
Committee.

Detroit, Mich.

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Manner of Speaking

By John Ciardi

A PRAISE OF GOOD TEACHERS. Commencement time has come and gone again. The boys and girls in their caps and gowns have mugged handsomely into the cameras of their proud parents and for their own handsome images of themselves. Off they go now, out of their caps and gowns, to whatever they are going to, if any man can guess what that might be. It is over again, and the faculty can rest for a while. Whatever the teachers could do has been done.

And of course, has just begun. The boys and girls have yet to learn how the good teachers keep working in them, how the ideas keep marching from the good minds long after the last class. The boys and girls are in a hurry. June is no time to sit still and look back for long to praise good teachers one has just left. The age, moreover, lacks a vocabulary for praise. Let them go.

But I am in no hurry. I have that advantage over them. And the further advantage of a foolish willingness to fumble at that missing vocabulary. Let me use my advantages for their good as well as my own, to think back to all good teachers—theirs and mine—and to praise for all good teachers the two I must praise most. What better commencement exercise can there be than to thank deservingly? The last commencement speaker having peered farther into the future than human eye can see, I take the occasion to look back, if only as a counterbalance to the overgeneralized and overforeseen world.

So must I thank particularly, and too backwardly, John Holmes of Tufts. Tufts, now a university, was a college when I got there in the Thirties, and Holmes, now a professor, was a young English instructor. Then as now, Tufts was one of those truly good schools that gem New England. I found many good teachers there. Professor Miller, now retired, taught me Municipal Government and has stayed with me every time I have walked into City Hall. Professor Neil taught biology and dazzled me by his demonstration of how a disciplined mind goes about asking a question. English was my major, and everywhere within the English Department good teachers opened doors for me. But if they were an expansion—and they were—John Holmes was an explosion. He was not only a great teacher but just the teacher one insane adolescent had been starved for.

It is hunger that goes to the best feast. I had the hunger, but how can I really say what feast Holmes was? He cared. But caring only begins a teacher's work. Holmes *knew*. And what he knew was exactly what I needed. My other teachers were scholars. They loved literature but their essential training was in history. John Holmes was and is a poet, and a good one. What he knew about was the *insides* of a poem. What he lived was the happy excitement of each living poem as he found it. And he knew how to transmit that excitement and make it real.

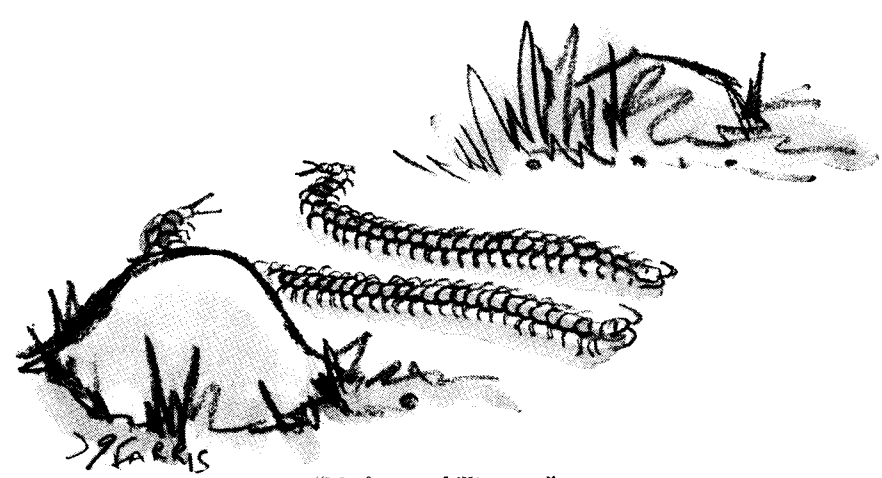
I lived on Holmes's shoulder while I was at Tufts. Since I lived in town, he wasn't even rid of me during the summer. I would bring him six, eight, a dozen screaming poems a week, and he would read them, talk about them, tug at them. There were no rules about it. Each poem was its own thing. One would give him a chance to show me something about rhyme, another something about rhythm, another something about imagery, and so on. It was a good twenty years later that I came on a sentence by Wallace Stegner that summarized Holmes's body of knowledge. "A writer," wrote Stegner (as nearly as I can recall), "learns his craft through a million particulars." Holmes had no poetic edicts. What he had was a sure sense of those millions of particulars.

Praise knowledge then. But whenever has knowledge been enough for a teacher? There must be generosity, the gift of articulation, and the power to elicit enthusiasm. These are the gifts of the great teacher, and John Holmes has these gifts greatly. Thank you, John. And for those thousand cups of coffee. And for all the books I borrowed and hope I always returned. And for every time I get back to Medford to find you there. I have turned out to be a rotten letter writer—so bad that I have discouraged even your letters, which are always great ones. Bear with that as you have borne with so much more. But accept this praise that I have not yet entirely learned how to say.

When I left Holmes, I went to the University of Michigan, and there, as my second great master of the million particulars, I met Professor Roy Cowden, now emeritus. I am not sure I can describe Professor Cowden's teaching method. I hope he will forgive me if I confess that his weekly seminar was a torture to me. In love, I could not bring myself to cut it; in nature, I could not keep myself awake in it as he droned over manuscript revisions in Hardy. But once a week, too, came the feast of those individual conferences when I sat beside him and he held in his hand the manuscript I had given him to read.

I cannot recall as much as one word he ever said. What I can see yet is his finger. He would hold the manuscript, we would both look at it, and then his finger would begin to weave, hovering over the page in slow figure-eights, slowly, slowly—and then pouncing down. And by whatever magic he worked, I always knew where it was going to land before it landed, and why it was going to land there! Don't ask me how: I don't know. But it was teaching. It was great teaching.

Thank you, Professor Cowden, for that dowsing finger. I want you to know I still see it come down on the page at times. Let me hope it comes down as truly now as it did then. And let me hope this year's young will find such teachers to remember, once they have stopped hurrying and made their real commencement.



"My feet are killing me."

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SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

The Derivative Art

LAST month, in a burst of generosity rare in Hollywood these days, Warner Brothers played host to some 300 newsmen and editors who might conceivably be interested in the movies. For two days the studio held open house while producers, directors, stars—even Jack Warner himself—gave press conferences, answered questions, and mingled affably with their tormentors. Reporters wandered virtually at will, tramping a snow-clad replica of a New York street under a broiling California sun, peeking in on scenes being shot either for features or for Warner's plethora of TV shows, the more venturesome penetrating the art department, the sound department, and the farthest reaches of the sprawling back lot. Previews were set up for three completed pictures, with generous glimpses from two still in the works. All in all, it was quite a show, skilfully designed to suggest that the movie business was as big and robust as ever, the liveliest of the lively arts.

And yet, ungrateful though it may seem, I found it difficult to shake the impression that this was not quite the case. Out on the big sound stages, the studio seemed to be humming with activity—but only two pictures were being shot. The rest was television. And to one not overly familiar with "Hawaiian Eye," "Surfside 6," and "77 Sunset Strip," most of the stars and starlets who dutifully circulated at lunchtime, or during the cocktail hour, were merely names—save for the few, like Connie Stevens and Troy Donahue, who had on occasion appeared in feature films. (Warner, incidentally, seems to have made this a policy: Young actors are developed in their TV series, then elevated to features if they hit.) Most disconcerting of all, however, was the fact that of the five pictures shown, only one—Elia Kazan's "Splendor in the Grass," written by William Inge—was a screen original. For the rest, one was based on a novel and three on long-running Broadway shows. I came away from the two-day session with the feeling that, far from the liveliest art, movies had become the most derivative.

It was an impression amply bolstered by Joshua Logan's production of "**Fanny**," based not only on the musical show that Logan had written with S. N. Behrman (music and lyrics by Harold Rome), but on the trilogy of films that Marcel Pagnol had produced early in the Thirties—which Pagnol in turn had based upon his own trilogy of plays. The new picture is not a musical, although it uses much of Rome's score as background music. But neither is it Pagnol's film. It has been slicked up, neatened up, sweetened up, so that it seems uncomfortably poised between its dual origins. At a press conference, Logan said that Chevalier, as Panisse, had sung one song in the film, then requested that it be eliminated because he felt it out of keeping with the character. Chevalier was quite right; but the fact that it was filmed in the first place is symptomatic. One can hardly imagine Charpin, Pagnol's Panisse, bursting into song at any time.

This ambivalence unfortunately mars much of the film. Admittedly, finding another Raimu to play Cesar would be a staggering task, but the selection of Charles Boyer is no less staggering. Hard as he works at it, and excellent actor though he be, he never manages to make one forget that this is the suave Charles Boyer in the role of a sweaty, hard-handed, warm-hearted Marseilles saloonkeeper. Chevalier is only slightly more convincing as the aging widower who seeks a young wife; but with much of the famous Chevalier charm abundantly visible, Leslie Caron's reticence becomes a little hard to understand. Particularly since Horst Buchholz plays Marius, her lover, as a singularly querulous and uncharming boy. On the other hand, in the title role Miss Caron contributes a flawless performance, a radiant performance. Where the others act, she *becomes*—sprightly, tearful, hopeful, crushed, as the occasion demands, but infallibly winning and right.

And yet, despite strange casting, stiffish staging, overemphatic comedy, and a relentless urge toward prettiness, somewhere toward the middle of the film the gears begin to mesh. The truth of the characters that Pagnol had created over thirty years ago begins to assert itself, and the honesty of their emotions begins to pierce the façades of the performers. One sees beyond the too familiar faces and begins to touch, and be touched by, the warm humanity that has already elevated the Pagnol plays to the stature of classics in French drama. Perhaps, too, one recalls that Pagnol's own films were not beyond criticism *as films*. But the same great spirit that animated them brings life to this new version as well.

—ARTHUR KNIGHT.

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL

"FANNY"
LESLIE CARON
MAURICE CHEVALIER
CHARLES BOYER
HORST BUCHHOLZ
Also Starring
BACCALONI
RAYMOND BUSSIERES
VICTOR FRANCEN
Produced and directed by
JOSHUA LOGAN
Based upon the Broadway play
Screenplay by Julius J. Epstein
A Warner Bros. Picture in Technicolor

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

A Tale of Two Classes

STRATFORD, ONTARIO.

THE Ninth Canadian Shakespearean Festival is presenting three of the less performed of the bard's works. Most interesting of these is **"Coriolanus,"** which Michael Langham and his designer, Tanya Moiseiwitsch, have pushed forward from ancient Rome to the period that followed the French Revolution. Thus the production shifts the emphasis from an archaic drama of a super-hero with a tragic flaw that is his undoing, and gives us instead a more modern story about the loss of values that occurs when a society changes from aristocracy to democracy. We feel an almost Chekhovian sadness as we watch the defeat of the best and most responsible people by the newly empowered opportunists who, because they are unfettered by tradition and scruples, can the more readily manipulate the masses.

This interpretation stars England's Paul Scofield. As Coriolanus, Mr. Scofield is from the beginning a sensitive soul who senses that every compulsion to do the honorable thing is a step toward his impending destruction, and that every compromise with the truth as he sees it is costing him vastly more than he can ever gain. Our first impression is of an actor who speaks in low tones and short, reverberating rhythms and who lacks the volatility we expect in Shakespeare's war-loving man of action. But gradually we begin to see a different Coriolanus, a man who enjoys his scars not out of virile pride, but because they are proof of a pay-as-you-go nobility. To make this concept even more poignant, he collapses exhausted on the stage after his first duel with the more crafty but less inspirable Aufidius. While this sort of a Coriolanus is not Shakespeake's intent, as we are frequently reminded by the now quite unnecessary admonitions to have "a more gentle spirit," it is tremendously effective in some scenes.

One such scene occurs when Coriolanus makes his prophetic warning to a Senate that out of fear of the popular majority gives the masses their unjust demands. Mr. Scofield rises above political argument as he laments the passing of honorable society with "Thus we debase the nature of our seats and make the rabble call our cares, fears; which will in time break ope the locks a'th' Senate, and bring in the crows to peck the eagles." A little later, when he is banished from Rome, he cries, "There is a world elsewhere," as if he knows full well there isn't. Then his offer to fight against his own "canker'd Country" is filled not with the hot anger of revenge, but with the sorrow and shame of finding himself willing to commit such treason. Finally, when he allows his mother "most dangerously" to prevail with him not to burn and pillage Rome, he does so as a man saddened but reassured by the discovery that the human being is more susceptible to love than to revenge, even though he knows that to act on this knowledge can lead only to his destruction.

While this is a performance that tends to grow on you, it also contains desperate insufficiencies. There is not very much variety in Mr. Scofield's delivery and he misses many of the play's opportunities for humorous irony. Furthermore, he is forever *telling* us how angry he is, rather than *being* convincingly angry. And his final death scene is played as if Coriolanus had not expected it, and with the anachronistic use of pistol shots for which we are completely unprepared.

Douglas Campbell gives us a foppish Menenius more astute than wise. As Aufidius, John Colicos nicely manages to alternate between ruthless pragmatist and sensitive human being. And Eleanor Stuart is happily unsentimental as Coriolanus's stoic mother.

To those who have strong preconceptions about "Coriolanus," this production may seem drastically inadequate. But to those who are receptive to Mr. Scofield's unique quality and to Mr. Langham's fresh exploration of a difficult play there is here the frequent opportunity to relate an ancient anguish to currents and forces present in our own lives and times.

Shakespeare's chronicle drama, **"Henry VIII,"** lacks any such immediacy, and in general emerges as a sixteenth-century "Advise and Consent," a fictionalized melodrama of low intrigue in high places with occasional tragic arias for those who fall victim to its historically distant intramural struggles. While director George McCowan has made the complex plot about as clear as it can be, and designer Brian Jackson has capitalized on its opportunities for sunniness with bright costumes, the play's impact really depends upon the performers who play the unlucky Queen Katharine and the evil Cardinal Wolsey. Unfortunately Kate Reid plays the Queen from one line to the next, feeling the anxiety but not the tragedy of her position. And Douglas Rain makes the cardinal error of playing Wolsey as uninterestingly smug, so that his plea to "dry our eyes" for him seems superfluous. They were never remotely moist.

Douglas Campbell is amusing if superficial as the King, and Pat Galloway as a fetching Anne Boleyn experiences for us the sudden delicious discovery by a self-deluded innocent of the forces of female lust that pulse inside her. It is about the only moment in which the play seems something more than a dress parade of cardboard figures.

The third play, Shakespeare's early comedy, **"Love's Labour's Lost,"** is

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

PLAYING WITH MATCHES

You can really go to blazes in assigning the right titles to the right authors in this conflagration set going by Helene Nitzsche of Maquoketa, Iowa. All out is sounded on page 46.

1.	Ruth Moore	( ) "Set This House on Fire"
2.	John Tebbel	( ) "Kingfishers Catch Fire"
3.	David Garth	( ) "Night of Fire and Snow"
4.	Robert Lowry	( ) "Fire and the Hammer"
5.	Rumer Godden	( ) "The Voice of Fire"
6.	I. L. Peretz	( ) "Touched with Fire"
7.	May Sinclair	( ) "The Fire Balloon"
8.	Eugene Brown	( ) "Fire on the Wind"
9.	Alfred Coppel	( ) "The Book of Fire"
10.	Henri Barbusse	( ) "Find Me in Fire"
11.	William Styron	( ) "The Divine Fire"
12.	Gladys Schmitt	( ) "The Locust Fire"
13.	Manuel Komroff	( ) "A Small Fire"
14.	Shirley Barker	( ) "Under Fire"

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pure sugar crystals. It begins with a burlesque of the absurdity of gentlemen scholars vowing to abjure women, food, and sleep in order to pursue three years of studies at the court of Navarre, and then proceeds to unroll the consequences of such foolish wisdom in a series of wisely foolish set pieces.

Pedantry on several levels is caricatured. First, there are the young members of the King's precious little "academe" who are so enamored with the idea of culture for culture's sake that they value it in disproportion to other needs. This leaves them abnormally vulnerable to the Princess and her young ladies who come to visit. As Berowne, the most candid of the scholars, John Colicos is quite funny sitting down to choose a dusty book with which to begin his feast of erudition. But one suspects that the play would be better served if he were a little more taken in by the whole business and if his colleagues were not so deliberately furnishing him—and us—with satire.

A second sort of pedantry is represented by Don Armado, whom Shakespeare wrote as a braggart soldier who sports a vocubulary that is larger than it is fortunate (he prefers "posterior of the day" to "afternoon"). Paul Scofield plays this role almost completely as a vain and flowery swain sadly smitten with love for the coarse wench Jacquanetta. While he is immensly droll, we miss some of the fun of his predicament with the king whom he is trying to impress.

FINALLY, there is the pedantry of Holofernes, the typical English schoolmaster with his egg-spotted black gown and his assumption that an ability to speak correct Latin completely compensates for lack of knowledge in any other area. Here Jack Creley catches both the man's hilarious false dignity and his pathetic human need to maintain status.

In contrast to these are the wiser young ladies, with Zoe Caldwell seeming the pertest of the quartet. If they appear a bit too wise for the byplay of girls in love pretending they are not, this handsomely gowned foursome does manage to appear a charming remedy for their lovesick suitors. And as Costard, Eric Christmas supplies a touch of vulgarity that does for this comedy what Falstaff does for "Henry IV." Mr. Christmas plays directly to the audience, making his Costard a sly rogue of a fellow rather than the flower of ignorance.

In conception and in design this is a brilliant production. Indeed, the whole business is such delightful theatre that we willingly overlook the somewhat too great artificiality of its performances.

—HENRY HEWES.

Editorial

Continued from page 26

willing to acknowledge achievement and are willing to meet them on equal terms. In this sense, the key to dealing with the Russians today is not to be found in a knowledge of Marx alone but in an understanding of the laws of human behavior. A readiness to regard them as equals, to acknowledge genuine achievement, a sense of proportion and a sense of humor—this may be far more effective than intricate strategical approaches or postures based on supposedly advanced knowledge of the ideological complex.

This doesn't mean that the United States should subordinate its own vital interests in its dealings with the Russians just to win their confidence. Quite the contrary: the evidence shows that the Russians hold high respect for those who hold to their own values. Few individual Americans have been more knowledgeable or outspoken in the criticism of the policies of the Soviet Union than Philip Mosely. Few Americans have been more effective exponents of American values. Yet at the Crimea Conference, recently concluded, he enjoyed high personal popularity among the Russians precisely because he knew the art of human relationships, was not grudging in those matters that legitimately called for commendation, and dealt with them as equals.

True strength does not depend on the size of one's biceps. It is related to a sense of purpose, the ability to think and analyze, and proper respect for the requirements of human response.

—N.C.

Heel & Toe to the End

By William Carlos Williams

GAGARIN says, in ecstasy,
he could have
gone on forever

he floated
ate and sang
and when he emerged from that

one hundred eight minutes off
the surface of
the earth he was smiling

Then he returned
to take his place
among the rest of us

from all that division and
subtraction a measure
toe and heel

heel and toe he felt
as if he had
been dancing

distinctive and unusual

CHRISTMAS CARDS

A new catalogue of the famous Metropolitan Museum cards – each one based on a work of art from the Museum's own collections. This year, a Japanese goldsmith's sketch, a rubbing from a medieval church bell, five prancing deer from a patchwork quilt, a carved golden angel, a jeweled bookcover from an Armenian manuscript, and a Victorian Christmas illustration are some of the sources of the nearly sixty new designs.

All of the cards are printed under the direct supervision of the Metropolitan Museum in limited editions, and cost from 5 to 95 cents each. They can be bought *only* by mail or at the Museum itself. The catalogue—which also illustrates Museum jewelry and other unusual Christmas presents – will be mailed Sept. 1.

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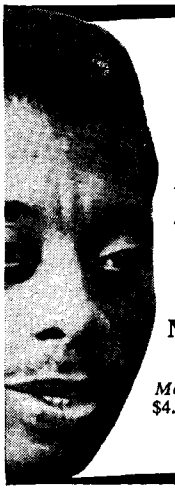

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BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

Blintzkrieg

IT HAS been many a *mohn* since we pointed the radiator cap (archaic: *ornamental device used on early autos.*—Ed.) toward the area known in these parts as The Mountains. A generic term encompassing the range familiar to the Dutch as the Catskills, The Mountains, among the resort and theatre folk who frequent them, could also include certain nearby ranges of Pennsylvania. Frequently referred to as Le Circuit de Borscht, The Mountains have also long been identified as the fountainhead of such theatrical talents as Jerry Lewis, Danny Kaye, Red Buttons, and Phil Silvers, to mention but a few. Moss Hart wrote memorably of his formative theatrical days as a mountain social director in "Act One." A more recent celebrity, who seemed to have been delivered whole and noissome straight out of Grossinger's, perhaps the most celebrated hotel in the mountains, is Eddie Fisher. Mr. Fisher, it must be said, was not exactly struggling along as a clown at Grossinger's, and he certainly was hardly unsung. He had, as a patron, the resort's long-time guiding promotion hand, Milton Blackstone, a man of keen and analytical mind, who fetched young Fisher thither, bade him tune up his pipes, and then stepped back and waited for him to be discovered. He was, forthwith, by Eddie Cantor, and the rest is history which you can read in any copy of *Photoplay* or *Screen Favorites* if you have the time. The high points of history—leave us merely gloss over rapidly—are Mr. Fisher's marriage at The Grossinger, as it is reverentially called by some, to Miss Debbie Reynolds and his appearance there long years afterward with Miss Elizabeth Taylor, then the widow Todd.

When we were last at The Grossinger, Mr. Fisher, retained as the house calliope, was waiting for Mr. Cantor to arrive. Coming back there the other day there were few changes immediately evident aside from the route from New York, which has been enormously improved. The loudspeaker was speaking in the dining room, which could accommodate all five *quartiers* of the Pentagon, as if it had never let up during the dozen years or so since our last visit. There are those, I suspect, who are willing to testify that it never *has*. "After lunch," the solicitous voice was saying, "there will be a bingo game by the shallow end of the pool. There will be a volleyball game between honeymooners and normal couples. Here's another special, an added note of interest—massages are available by appointment at the pool."

Fitting neither category for volleyball and not addicted to massages, we fell in with the house cicerone, a lanky gent name of Joel Pomerantz, and followed him on a tour of the 1,000-acre preserve especially arranged to cover the improvements that had sprung up during our long lacuna. Eating being such an important part of resort life in the mountains, Mr. Pomerantz steered us from the dining room directly to the coffee shop, a route, he assured us, that is perplexingly enough frequently followed by the guests. "It closes during the dinner hour," Mr. P. confided to us, "but by 9:30 p.m. it is open again and doing business." The reason this is so confusing is that all guests at The Grossinger are on the American Plan and guests can order as many courses as many times as they please all for the *prix fixe* daily room rate.

The coffee shop, which seats 300, is probably one of the few kosher coffee shops in the country. Since it serves milk and dairy dishes, it never serves meat. However, it is long on sodas and sundaes, serves bagels nine different ways (including "just toasted" and "not toasted"). In a rare example of heteroethnic epicurea, it features Grossinger's Own Pizza Pie. Well, the least they can do in Naples this summer, if they are at all interested in reciprocal amity, is come up with potato pancakes *parmigiana*.

Grossinger's has a permanent staff of 800, its own post office complete with federal postmaster, and it is a fact that Grossinger, New York, sells more stamps than Liberty, New York, the township in which it is located. I suspect the first-day covers from Grossinger, New York, are greatly prized in philatelic quarters.

While its kitchen is highly celebrated, The G (as it is also called) has not turned a tin ear to the trend toward physical improvement, the lithe form, and controlled eating. It is a well-known fact that spas—hotels that have reformed themselves as health centers—especially in the Florida area, are a currently popular wintertime vogue. Some of the Southern-based spas have even opened summer branches in the north, all complete with doctors in attendance, prescribed diets, exercise programs, and hard-hearted bonded waitresses who will not slip a cookie to a fainting fat lady. The G has unveiled a whole system of devices for evaporating the avoirdupois. The Russian Room features wet steam, the Arizona Room dry steam. And in the weight room, anybody who has been lifting too many *latkes* can get to work lifting the bar bells.

Since the trend toward short vacations taken several times during the year, mountain hotels have moved to equip themselves with paraphernalia that will keep the guests entertained despite the weather. Snow machines that coat a snowless hill, and summer skating rinks are among the come-ons. Indoor pools, both with and without artificial sunlamps, have sprung up all over the local lawns, usually in front of the house where passing guests may see and admire. Grossinger's, as the most famous of mountain resorts (it is not the largest), was, quite naturally, expected to produce an aqueous extravaganza that would set the pace in The Mountains. Three years ago this Labor Day it unveiled a glass fieldhouse that contained an expanse of water that approximates a stretch of open sea. As *maitresse*, it installed Florence Chadwick, who, since she had conquered the English Channel, was considered sufficiently practiced to cross the Grossinger pool. In summer a band disports on a glassed-in poolside balcony called the Night Watch and, moreover, there are water and light displays above the pool in a manner perfected at Barcelona and Versailles.

THE Grossinger also has an out-of-doors where it has another pool, as the French are so fond of saying, *en plein air*. The *plein air* pool is official Olympic size and is surrounded by a flagstone terrace, an uncountable number of upholstered broiling trays for supine guests, a loudspeaker that conveys hi-fi concerts, ping-pong tables, a volleyball court, and an expanse of outdoor tables where lunch (meat instead of dairy) is served in the *plein air* too. Overlooking the whole area is a thirty-five-foot diving platform to which I suspect guests can repair after getting the bill. The daily rate is $50 to $60 for two in the better rooms, or about $108.50 per person a week if you don't mind the bath down the hall.

Some time ago the G, which is more than twice the size of Monaco, appended a lake to its territory. It has since stocked it with trout, pickerel, perch, and bass, equipped it with rowboats and fishing equipment which are provided free, and paved it with a sand beach. A pool for children is near-

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by. Up on the hill stands the old Lakeside Inn, bought recently as a nest for the staff, which now has its own pool too.

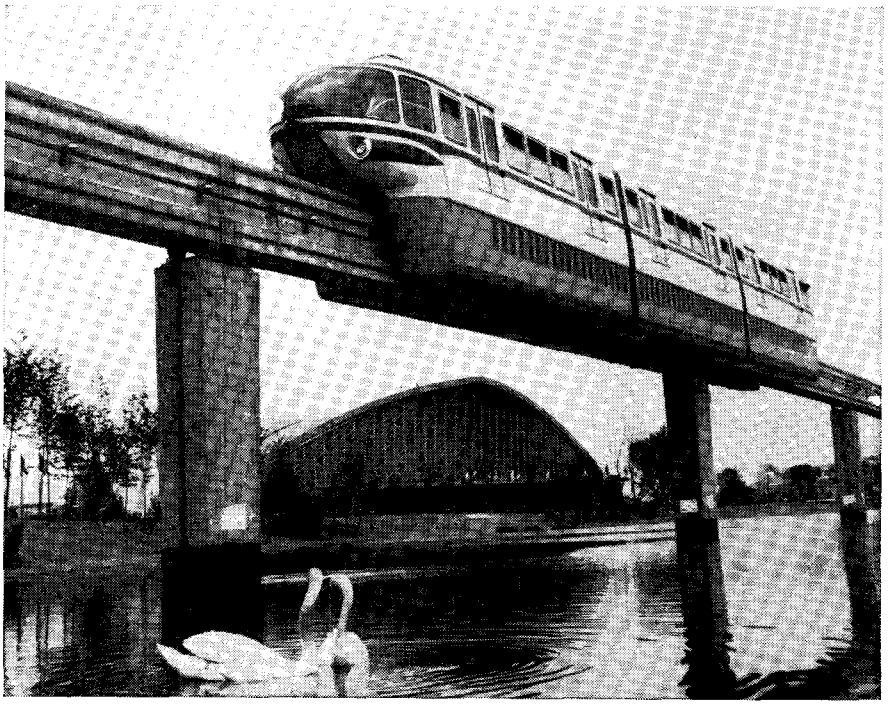
Most of the corridor walls that lead from one section of the cantonment to another are paved with stars of the stage, the ballparks, the fight rings, and the golf links, whose presence on the premise has long been a hallmark of the G. Many of Grossinger's diversions and properties are named for lustrous favorites, among them the Eddie Fisher Juke Box which reposes in the Terrace Room, the Eddie Cantor Lodge, the Milton Berle Cottage, and the Barney Ross Cottage, which was built on the site of the training ring where Ross worked himself into condition for the Jimmie McLarnin fight in 1934.

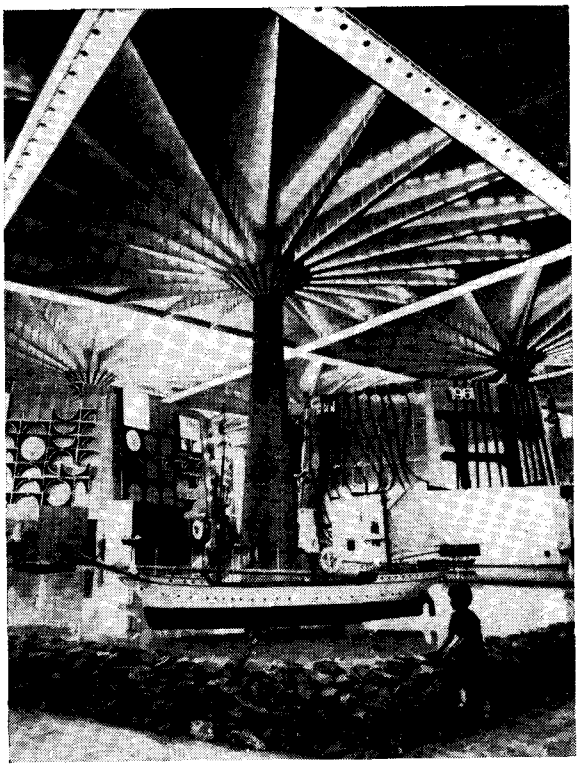
The invitation to Ross to train at the G began a phase of its existence that is not by any means entirely over. Indeed, the pattern, with some modifications, has been adopted by several other resorts. Only last winter Ingemar Johannson set up his training quarters, on invitation, at the Seabreeze Motel south of Palm Beach, Florida, where he could be seen sparring with his partners in a special ring set up on the roof above the lobby.

Ross's presence in The Mountains drew a considerable crowd of sports from the Broadway beach, among them the Ritz Brothers, Sid Gary the singer, Gordon and Ravel the composers, Abe Lyman, whose orchestra then featured the girl singer Ella Logan. On hand to root for Ross, they stayed to appear gratis on the Grossinger boards. Milton Berle was master of ceremonies. As Paul Grossinger, third-generation manager of the G, recalls, "You couldn't insult them by offering them payment." A number of newspapermen with whom the G is still a favorite, also got to know the place during the Ross training days, and Damon Runyon coined the descriptive phase, "Lindy's with trees."

Later, of course, the trend changed, and it was possible to insult performers by offering them payment for appearances. Nowadays, with competition among resorts honed to a fine edge, resorts bid against each other for talent, especially to draw the big holiday weekend crowds. The Concord, a high-rise hotel built along Miami Beach lines, is probably Grossinger's biggest competitor. Reaching for bigger stars, installing bigger equipment, a larger nightclub and more rooms, the Concord's guiding lights have been said to be driven by a *now-is-it-better?* modus operandi. They once paid Judy Garland $10,000 for a single appearance in the Concord's cozy supper club, which seats 3,000. A lush greenery in The Mountains called Kutscher's Country Club, which first opened for roomers in 1907 and which is known as The Little Grossinger, has followed the golden rule of inviting famed athletes to disport on the grounds. It named one house the Ezzard Charles Lodge in honor of the fighter who trained here. Archie Moore toned up here for his recent fight with Giulio Rinaldi. Wilt Chamberlain was once a bellhop. This summer The Little G is importing wrestlers from the grunt-and-groan circuit who will perform under lights. Big G is inclined to look down a bit on such ribald entertainment. Besides, as Lou Goldstein, its director of activities, says in his seven-times-a-week comedy routine delivered to Grossinger guests, "We're going to outdo them all. We're building the newest thing—an indoor mountain."

—Horace Sutton.





ITALIA 61—The first hundred years of Italy are being celebrated at Turin, first capital of the unified country, with a handsome summer exposition laid out along the banks of the Po. The far ends of the grounds are connected by a monorail, tomorrow's transport, here riding over the Palace of Exposition. Nervi's star-burst columns (left), shown in the Japan display, support the centennial centerpiece, the huge Palace of Labor, which houses sixteen pavilions of other nations. Italy's past is also on display in the seventeenth-century Carignano Palace, home of the Savoy princes. (SR featured the centennial in its "100 Years of Italy" issue, February 11, 1961.)

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The White House

Continued from page 12

of these changes occurs. Can the President stir an affluent public to a realization of the pressing necessity of accepting sacrifices in order to adjust to rapid change? Moreover, the strife-ridden nature of the Democratic Party in New York and California, the growing Republican strength in the South, and the impact of world crises on the voting public are all imponderables as far as 1962 is concerned.

In every election for well over a century we have had a plethora of campaign biographies, and many years afterwards some of the participants have written memoirs touching upon their election experience. But "The Making of the President" is unique. It launches what I hope will be a new genre in American political literature. It is sensitive and brilliant reporting, fascinating reading, and an invaluable document for history.

Advice and Comment

"Firsthand Report: The Story of the Eisenhower Administration," by Sherman Adams *(Harper. 463 pp. $5.95), presents the former President as a great statesman whose aversion to controversy prevented the full realization of his program. Felix Belair, Jr., has been covering the White House since 1930.*

By Felix Belair, Jr.

THERE is an old saying around Washington that the Presidency of the United States is whatever the man in the White House wants to make it. And there are many who seem convinced that Dwight D. Eisenhower didn't want to make much of it—especially in the realm of personal leadership and the technique of the "crack-down." They will find plenty of documentation in "Firsthand Report" by the man who was for six years his top administrative aide.

Probably there will be as many readers of the Sherman Adams book who will come away regretting they won't have another chance of joining the crowds in the street and shouting, "We Like Ike." For even in his most candidly critical moments Eisenhower remains for Adams "a high-minded idealist" who was hurt to think that the Old Guard Republicans were using him only to regain political power and shocked to learn that the British had bombed Egyptian airfields preparatory to occupying Suez.

"Temperamentally, he was the ideal President," Adams says at one point. He never quite spells out his reasons except to observe later on that "when Eisenhower became President I believed that he was the greatest influence for peace in the world, and I believe it today."

But Adams does not shy at suggesting certain qualities that most people would consider shortcomings of the man in the White House. In the midst of the Army-McCarthy fight President Eisenhower did not hesitate to say privately that "the Kremlin ought to put McCarthy on its payroll" and, writes Adams, "He had only a wry face whenever Senator McCarthy's name was mentioned." Was it too much to expect that the President would forget his "high-minded" pedestal long enough to castigate the Wisconsin Senator's callous disregard of the Constitutional rights of fellow citizens, not to mention his unsupported aspersions on members of his own official family of near Cabinet rank and the General of the Army, George Marshall, who made him what he came to be?

Mr. Adams acknowledges that it was at his own suggestion that candidate Eisenhower deleted a passage in his 1952 Wisconsin speech challenging McCarthy for having called President Truman's Secretary of State "half loyal" or "disloyal." To Adams "it looked as though Eisenhower was going out of his way to stir up an issue which did not call for an airing on that particular platform."

Was there some lack of intestinal fortitude that induced the President to avoid public controversy wherever possible and which prompted his detractors to suggest years later that the country had only a ceremonial President? Mr. Adams says not and in spades. We have his word for it that Eisenhower told him soon after taking office: "My job here, as I see it, is not to create friction, not to accentuate differences, but to bring people together so we can actually achieve progress." The episode recalls a tale about an American brigadier general who was ordered home from London by Eisenhower for having called his British opposite number a "limey S.O.B." It was the "limey" part that was so unpardonable, according to the story, because it was divisive and he wanted unity.

Whatever the reasons for Eisenhower's dislike of controversy (Adams says it was really a confidence in his ability to persuade) this book leaves no doubt that his program suffered in Congress because of it.

But it is not Adams's reflections on the Eisenhower personality that makes his "Firsthand Report" a truly valuable contribution to contemporary political knowledge. This book will be required reading for historians because of its straightforward and sometimes dramatic narrative of the events of which he was a part.

He just happened to be sitting in the President's office when Prime Minister Anthony Eden telephoned from London in the midst of the Suez crisis to suggest a quick trip to Washington to talk things over. How pleased the President was at the prospect despite his then pending insistence that the British get out of the area has to be read to be appreciated. The same is true of the President's impatience at being told that a visit from Eden would be misunderstood as approval of the British action in the Middle East.

How Harold E. Stassen's ambition led him into a deliberately planned Soviet booby trap and direct disarmament negotiations with the Russians that cost him his job as a White House aide is a tragicomedy that shows again how right the late John Foster Dulles was all the time about dealings with the men in the Kremlin.

It is unavoidable to say that "Firsthand Report" is a story that begins in the bathroom of a Chicago Hotel, where Sherman Adams was designated floor manager of the 1952 Republican National Convention. There is a similar compulsion to say that it ends with the author's apologia on the events leading up to his resignation and banishment from Washington in the wake of the Congressional investigation into his exchange of official and personal favors with Bernard Goldfine.

Here the apparent candor of the Adams story seems to break down. His admission of a lack of "prudence" in this sorry business is balanced in the concluding chapter with the characterization of the investigation as "a calculated and contrived attack." Probably it came as a complete surprise to Mr. Adams to learn that President Eisenhower was as baffled as anyone that he could be taken in by such an obvious "guy on the make."

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COMMUNICATIONS

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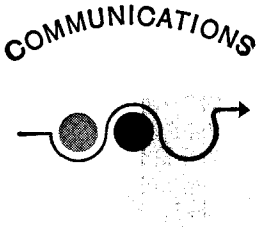

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JULY 8, 1961

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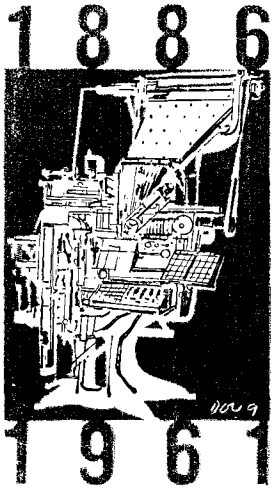

The Linotype–and the Free Press

TO PICTURE a publishing world without the Linotype is like trying to conceive of a business world without the typewriter. It staggers the imagination. In fact, it's impossible. Any communicator who has set type by hand (and a few old ex-printers still remember the lower case) pauses now in awe before the yellowed files of metropolitan newspapers printed before 1886, the year Ottmar Mergenthaler introduced the Linotype. And, to believe what we know to be true—that body text was not only painfully set by hand, one letter unit at a time, prior to 1886, but also that the copy itself had to be laboriously scribbled in pen or pencil, not typed quickly and neatly as today, requires an act of faith in fundamental sanity.

The Linotype celebrates its diamond jubilee this month and the printing industry owes an unbelievable debt to the German schoolmaster's son who applied native mechanical ingenuity, vision, tenacity, and resourcefulness to solving printing's worst headache: mechanical type composition. All previous type-machine inventors had taken one of three approaches to the problem. They had tried to compose foundry type mechanically, to work with a lithographic transfer, or to type a mold from which casts could be made. None had proved economical or truly successful. Yet Mergenthaler solved the centuries-old problem. After agonies of frustration, he came up with a small flat piece of metal so stamped that letters and characters were engraved in relief on one edge. The touch of a corresponding letter or character key on a keyboard dropped the engraved metal band into a line with other metal bands or matrixes which could then be shifted about and justified (spaced properly) before being cast into a single line of metal type through a fantastically intricate complex of gears and arms and revolving shafts.

Whitelaw Reid, the brilliant and imaginative editor of the New York *Tribune*, quickly perceived a glowing future for the Linotype and installed the first commercial machine to set some of the copy for the Fourth of July issue in 1886. Tom Edison was so fascinated by the enormously complex mechanism of the *Tribune*'s Linotype that he called it "the eighth wonder of the world." To those in printing and publishing it surely was.

The Linotype has undergone so many modifications in the three-quarters of a century since the *Tribune* experiment that Mergenthaler would scarcely believe his eyes were he to approach the modern automatic typesetter, merrily setting away in any face or style or point size without a human hand near it. The Linotype is, moreover, universally accepted as the fundamental mechanical typesetting device anywhere on the globe. Like the electric light, it can be found in darkest Africa or on Forty-second Street, setting mechanically, one line at a time, in more than 900 languages and dialects, practically all the periodical writing now being published, and most of the books.

What the Linotype has meant to the press of the world is beyond calculation. As the typewriter and telephone have emancipated business, the typewriter and Linotype have given printed journalism an immediacy

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and freedom impossible before news was communicated by keyboard. Unfortunately for the free world, even the new automated Linotype will produce whatever Man wants it to, but will not by itself guarantee freedom of the press or the underdog his say. Any man who invents such a machine will surpass Mergenthaler's genius, but until that bright morning we shall have to be content to salute the extraordinary German who made the writer's, editor's, and publisher's lives so very much sweeter. In Carlyle's penetrating phrase: "He who first shortened the labor of copyists by device of movable types was disbanding hired armies, and cashiering most kings and senates, and creating a whole new democratic world."

—R.L.T.

Introducing New By-Liners

ROBERT ALDEN, proprietor of the readable advertising news column of the New York *Times,* was born in Huntington, Long Island, and went to work on the *Times* as copyboy in 1941. After World War II, during which he served as a Captain in the Corps of Engineers, Mr. Alden worked in the library and on the editorial page, then became a reporter and rewrite man. He went to Korea as a war correspondent and later covered stories in Japan, Vietnam, Laos, Cambodia, Burma, Indonesia, Thailand, Malaya, the Philippines, and Australia. Returning to New York, Mr. Alden began writing his provocative daily advertising column in 1960. He will henceforth contribute regularly to *SR*'s Communications Supplement.

BRAD WILLIAMS, a graduate of Oberlin College in 1951, became editor of the Oberlin *News-Tribune* at twenty-five and now shares its management. In the past three years, the 2,300-circulation weekly has been Ohio's most honored paper, winner of twenty-seven state and national awards for the quality of its content, including the National Editorial Association's coveted first prize for general excellence (twice). Mr. Williams not only knows news, but what is more important he recognizes the difference between news in New York, Chicago, and Los Angeles and news in a small Ohio community. As every good editor knows, they might as well be two different journalistic worlds. In point of fact, they *are.*

DENSON'S REVOLUTION AT THE HERALD TRIBUNE

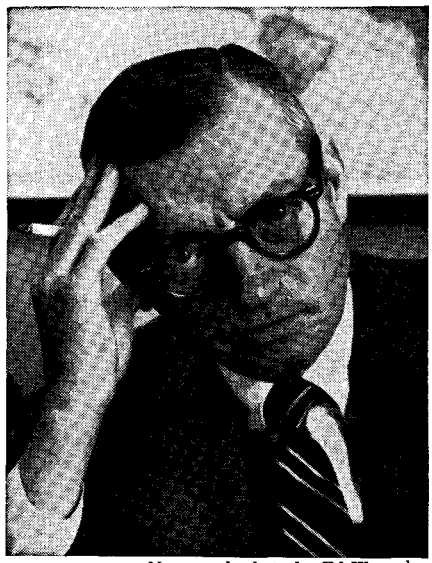
By ROBERT SHAPLEN

THE ABILITY of a great newspaper that has suffered two decades of decline to resurrect itself, to carve out a new audience against the toughest competition in the world, and to do so at a time when television, the news magazines, and other mass media have created a communications glut that threatens to make newspapers obsolete, is being dramatically put to the test today in New York City. The results so far of the New York *Herald Tribune*'s fight for survival against the colossus of the New York *Times* and for an illuminating and exciting place of its own in the metropolitan market place show that there is still room for imagination and originality in American journalism. The paper is being talked about as it hasn't been for years, and over the last few months it has made the biggest gains in town—a 12 per cent circulation jump, up to 382,000 daily, and a weekly advertising linage increase ten times higher than the only other daily in New York to show an improvement. Whether the *Herald Trib* will be able to make a permanent comeback under its wealthy new owner and editor-in-chief, John Hay Whitney, and its lively new editor, John Denson, remains to be seen, but a five-year plan of projected recovery should give it every opportunity.

Denson, who will be fifty-six in a fortnight, has held more than a dozen jobs in forty years—"I began as a tramp journalist when I was still in military school," he says, "and I got my education sitting at the feet of great newspapermen all over the country." Before coming to the *Herald Trib* in mid-March, he was editor-in-chief for five years of *Newsweek;* he took the magazine out of the shadow of *Time* by enlivening it with new sections and creating a new flexibility in the old ones, and he is intent on putting out a fresh product at the *Herald Trib* in the same fashion and removing it from the massive shadow of the *Times.* Twenty-five years ago, the *Herald Trib*'s daily circulation was less than 100,000 below the *Times;* today the difference bulks at over 350,000, and, as Denson puts it, "the battle of the bulk has been lost." The *Times* now has what is tantamount to a captive audience that faithfully depends on it for its vast but often complicated, dry and redundant coverage of local, national, and world events—"All the News That's Fit to Print." The Whitney-Denson formula might be summed up as "All the News That's Fit to Read."

In emphasizing that he has no further intention, as the *Herald Trib* has been doing for years, of chasing the *Times,* Denson cogently and critically asks, "Does the important news of the world and the country have to be presented in such a dull way that no one pays any attention to it? Unless you create a desire to read, you can't make up the national mind, and then you're really in the soup. I want to make this paper read—not just printed in type. This is a busy town, and we're trying to do something for busy people. The best way to do it is to establish a warm relationship between the writer and the reader, and you can do that in large part with format."

Format and "the big story"—whether it's a local school scandal, an eyewitness scoop on the Freedom Riders, or a concise appraisal of a Khrushchev-Kennedy meeting—are the keys to the



—Newsweek photo by Ed Wergeles.

John Denson: "Hey, pals, this is the way it is, this is the score."

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new *Herald Tribune*. The familiar front page that for years has won Ayer cups for typographical excellence has been completely revamped both as to content and visual appeal. The mechanical departments are working hard to keep up with the new type faces and displays Denson has ordered, and the stories he feels have warmth and meaning are played to the hilt above as well as below the log (the paper's title line). Pictures, as in the case of the recent blackout caused by a giant power failure, run as much as eight columns wide and six inches deep and are boldly and provocatively used to create the desired images and moods. "We want to turn our lack of bulk into a virtue by humanizing the news," Denson says. "The *Times* may lay claim to being the paper of record with a historical focus, but the two things we want to respond to are urgency and curiosity. TV and radio are now the instantaneous purveyors of news, but that doesn't mean we have to abdicate. People still want to read but we have to add another dimension —brightness, clarity, explanation, and significance. The informal approach is what we aim at. We want to talk to our readers as if we were chatting with them in the living room—'Hey, pals, this is the way it is, this is the score.'"

Old-time readers of the *Herald Trib*, as well as the new ones, have reacted with enthusiasm to the new makeup and approach, even though there have been complaints about overcoyness and cryptic headlines posed as questions —Denson is trying to avoid direct repetition of the lead of a story in the head, but he is the first to admit that he has occasionally gone too far; he also realizes it will take time to achieve the style and polish he wants from his writers. His principal internal problem is to close "the psychological gap" on the staff, but what is perhaps most significant is that veteran editors and reporters alike are all for what he's attempting to do, even if some feel that he has only begun to improve the content as well as the appearance of the paper. "There's still too much sound and fury and not enough follow-through," one of them remarked, "but at least we're on our own instead of on the *Times*'s track."

Certainly better than anyone else, the members of the staff know what a stale paper the *Herald Trib* had become under the old Reid regime that was bought out by Whitney two years ago. It wasn't until he finished his term as Ambassador to the Court of St. James's this January, however, and hired Denson, that the new dispensation really made itself felt. Newspapers regularly rise and fall like yeast and

NEW YORK Herald Tribune
MAYOR SUSPENDS 32 IN SCHOOL QUIZ
K Told JFK: Not One Thing To Negotiate
Weird Plot to Overthrow U.S. Uncovered, Suspects Seized For Blowing Up Microwave Towers
KENNEDY FIXES BLAME IF ATOM RACE RESUMES

The Lively Look—Herald Tribune front pages since the Denson revolution.

dynasties, but no paper of the *Herald Trib*'s tradition and caliber has had such a sorry saga. During the Thirties, when jobs were scarce and talent was plentiful, the paper assembled what was generally conceded to be the best local staff in town if not in the country, guided and directed by the toughest, sharpest, and most imaginative editors on the night and city desks. Salaries were low, but spirits were high, and the *Herald Trib* was probably the best school of journalism in America.

Then several things happened in succession. Owner Ogden Reid, a man of loyalty and integrity despite some personal idiosyncrasies, died. The war shifted the newspaper capital to Washington and brought lucrative job opportunities elsewhere for reporters. As the paper's vitality and leadership diminished, it became uninspired, gimmicky, and thin. The trio of the Reid family that took over active ownership —Mrs. Helen Rogers Reid, an excellent businesswoman with scant editorial background, and her two sons, young Whitelaw, well-meaning but diffident, and young Ogden, headstrong, impulsive, and addicted to favoritism—were increasingly unable to cope with the competitive growth of the *Times*. Foolish economies and experiments, such as the short-lived "Early Bird" edition that appeared at 9 p.m. and was neither fish nor fowl, evening nor morning paper, failed. Formerly forceful editors succumbed to front office

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and advertising floor pressure and gave up trying. The paper drove itself deeper into the red until Mrs. Reid reluctantly sold it.

Denson, who spent a brief period in the *Herald Trib*'s Washington bureau in the Thirties, now says, "Those guys [the *Times*] didn't win. These guys surrendered. I saw at once when I came in that we couldn't bloom in a damn tomb, that the paper had to be rebuilt from the classified ad section up. It's got to reacquire the kind of excitement it used to have. The trouble with the whole newspaper business is that it's become too routinized. We've got to do what the newsmags do at their best, get situations down to brass tacks and cases, create a fresh orientation, put meat and substance into stories and still keep them clear and simple. Sophistication plus bite is what I'm after. I want to make the *Herald Trib* a heart paper again. People in New York are as warm as they are in any other town. We've got 15,000,000 people to serve and they deserve more than one standard-size morning paper."

WHITNEY, who appears to agree wholeheartedly with Denson, is determined to play an increasingly important policy role in the paper. Denson puts in an average of sixteen hours a day, and Whitney is in the office eight or ten hours. Each afternoon, between 4 and 6, Whitney sits in on the editorial conference devoted primarily to selecting the "big stories" for the front and second front pages. There is considerable give-and-take at these sessions, attended by half a dozen editors, and Whitney participates actively. He recently said, "I've come to the conclusion that only the owner can *be* the paper, and to do that he must clearly command." If he commands, however, it is by indirection and suggestion. "He has a keen intelligence, a great curiosity, and above all he cares," says Denson. It's Denson, though, who makes the day-by-day and hour-by-hour decisions. "He's the editor, all right, there's no doubt about that," says Everett Walker, assistant editor and thirty-year *Herald Trib* veteran.

When Whitney leaves for the day, he often phones in story tips that his wide social and professional contacts afford him, but these are never directives—"musts"—only further "ideas." "He's the best leg man we've got," one editor has quipped. As for the paper's traditional role as Republican Party spokesman, Whitney, who calls himself "a progressive Republican," emphasizes that the *Herald Trib* will not feel itself compelled to support everything the GOP does. "We won't give blanket endorsements and we'll make up our own minds on people and issues," he says. That may well prove to be the case, but it is fair to add that the history of Republican-owned newspapers in the United States has seldom demonstrated this sort of open-minded independence in practice, when chips are down and candidates are running for office, and that Whitney's credo remains to be tested. "I do think it's a good thing in politics as well as on newspapers to work within your own party," he says. The new owner does not intend to write editorials himself, but he will make his presence felt in the direction of the editorial page, which is run by Dwight Sargent.

As for columnists, headed by the redoubtable Walter Lippmann, they will continue to have full freedom of expression, Whitney and Denson promise, though both are adamant in maintaining the right of management to eliminate columns it deems of poor quality. This happened five weeks ago when two columns of John Crosby's that were critical of TV standards were quashed by Denson because he felt they were below-par Crosby. "John agreed with me about one of them, at least," Denson says, "and my action certainly had nothing to do, as some people claimed, with censorship of his views because Whitney owns some TV and radio stations." The fact remains that Crosby was miffed and, if quality was the issue, then low-level Crosby is still a lot better than high-level Hy Gardner, whose chintzy gossip column would scarcely seem to belong now.

One of the *Herald Trib*'s biggest tasks is to re-establish itself in the Sunday field, and this problem, under discussion for weeks, is being openly attacked in the forthcoming issue of July 9. What Whitney and Denson both want to do on Sunday is put out a thoughtful newspaper of opinion and ideas, much along the lines of the best Sunday press in England, the *Observer* and the *Sunday Times* in London; the new daily issues have already been compared in some aspects of story play and makeup to the English papers, but the resemblance will be even sharper on Sundays. "As Ambassador, I couldn't help but soak in some of the best ideas of the British," Whitney says. Denson adds, "I like the way rationing taught the British to pull things together and keep them short and sweet and clear."

Readers of next Sunday's *Herald Tribune* will note that the special tabloid "Lively Arts" section—an unsuccessful hodgepodge of reviews and comment on the theatre, movies, books, and what-not that suffered particularly from a poor production job because it was printed sideways on a regular-size press—has been abandoned. Books will again be given separate treatment, and Denson hopes that the rest of the Sunday paper, while again making no effort to compete with the *Times*'s bulk, will be devoted to crisp, definitive writing on serious issues of the day as well as on the arts and entertainment.

In its business department, the *Herald Trib* has also been revitalized under Thomas L. Robinson, whom Whitney brought to New York last February from Charlotte, North Carolina, where in thirteen years he more than doubled the ad revenues and spurred a one-third circulation rise in the Charlotte *News*, which he owned. As a senior vice president and general manager of the *Herald Trib*, Robinson, in charge of 1,620 advertising, production, and circulation employees, is on a par with Denson. An affable, soft-spoken Yankee who acquired a Southern accent in the Carolinas, Robinson is also putting in sixteen-hour days at the paper. "I won't predict when we'll get this operation in the black," he says, "but I feel no apprehension about the solidity of the *Herald Trib* and its progress. There's no blue-sky writing around here, but the new team has looked at its problems realistically; we'll economize where we can, and at the same time make all the editorial improvements possible. What's most important is the new confidence I sense in every department, and the results show in the 40,000 new readers we've got and in the response of advertisers in all fields—financial, transportation, and publications especially. Our immediate task is to get the circulation over 400,000 and keep it there."

ONE sharp indication that the *Herald Tribune* is on the road back has come from its fat and prosperous competitor, the *Times*. In the last few weeks, the *Times* has increased its local coverage and given more play, including big page-one pictures, to the stories that Denson has been pushing. *Times* editors, grown accustomed to their position of unmolested eminence, say that they would again welcome the sort of competition the *Herald Tribune* used to give them, that it would be "healthy." Whether they mean it or not, it looks as if they're going to get it. "We're going to tell our own story," Whitney says calmly. "If we continue to develop, we'll make comparisons later, when they're not odious."

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Madison Avenue

It's Up to the Advertiser Not to Ask

By ROBERT ALDEN

WHEN THE business of advertising comes under fire for one reason or another, advertising men frequently make the point that advertising is an essential ingredient of a free economy. Without it the flow of goods from the manufacturer through the distributor to the consumer would be seriously impaired.

But there is another defense of advertising that is much less frequently made. Advertising makes a fundamental contribution to the day-to-day functioning of a democratic community in the revenue it provides to make possible newspapers, magazines, radio, and television.

These sources of information for the public provide the basic ingredients of information that are essential in a working democracy. In order for a democracy to exist, it is necessary to have an informed electorate. Advertising's role in a democracy is therefore a major one. Without it, none of these tools for informing the public would be able to function, at least in the way they function now.

Without advertising revenue, the newsstands would be bare unless the American people were prepared to spend ten times as much as they now do to support the publications. The radio and television frequencies would be silenced unless there were heavy government subsidy or a heavy public contribution.

Thus, unless there is to be a revolution in the financing of these channels of information, advertising becomes an essential element in a working democracy.

But it is almost equally clear that with this contribution to a democratic society, advertisers must also accept an extra burden if they are to play a genuine and not a sham role.

Just one year ago, Paul N. Lazarus, Jr., vice president of the Columbia Pictures Corp., addressed the annual convention of the Newspaper Advertising Executive Association meeting in San Francisco. The gist of one part of Mr. Lazarus's remarks was that although the motion picture industry spent more money in advertising in newspapers than did radio and television, many newpapers were giving more editorial space to the coverage of radio and television than they were to the coverage of motion pictures.

Mr. Lazarus said also that a survey had disclosed that "more than one out of every five newspapers adopts a definitely uncooperative attitude toward motion pictures."

The motion picture executive then bluntly warned the newspaper executives at the meeting that they "were going to have to fight" to keep their share of the motion picture advertising budget and that unless they proved more cooperative they were going to lose advertising ground to radio and television.

The fact is that although almost everyone readily agrees in open conversation that advertisers have no right to tamper with the editorial content of a newspaper, when a situation arises where editorial content is contrary to an advertiser's interest, he often feels that he has a right to complain. It is natural for people to disagree and it's natural for them to get angry when they read something with which they disagree.

But there is another point that must be made: Advertisers, because of the special role they play in providing the financial base on which the American free press has been built, must on moral grounds forfeit a right that every other American citizen has. It may be unjust that this situation exists. But the realities of a democracy are such that there appears to be no other way of preserving the independence of a free press.

AN economically strong paper or magazine is able to judge a complaint from an advertiser on its merits. But even then it puts a strain on their relationship. A paper or magazine that is weak economically may find itself corrupted by an advertiser's complaint.

Therefore, along with the privilege of making possible a free press in a free society, the advertiser assumes a commensurate responsibility of in no way seeking to influence the editorial content of a newspaper. When an advertiser buys advertising space in a newspaper, or magazine, it is so labeled and he must remember that he buys only that space, not a whit more.

If his daughter is getting married, the notice in the news columns of the newspaper must be measured against the news value in the marriage of a physician's daughter, a college professor's daughter, or the daughter of an Army major. It would be unfair to these last three if in a free press there were no room for a note of their daughters' marriages in the society columns because it was more important to please a large advertiser.

"We give them enough business," the client says to the agency. "Why can't they use the bridal picture of my daughter in the paper?" Or, "Why can't they use some of my press releases?" Or, "Why do they run stories that are harmful to my business?"

In this latter category, the pressures by big advertisers on the editorial staff either to publicize some event favorable to the advertiser or to kill a story unfavorable to the advertiser constitute a large problem in publishing. Usually the less stable the magazine or newspaper is financially, or the more susceptible it has proved to be to such pressures in the past, the more likely it is to be approached by the advertiser.

WHAT is the advertising agency to do? The most honest thing would be to inform the client that its function is confined to the proper management of his advertising program. But that is a hard thing to say in a business that is as highly competitive as advertising.

So quite often the agency passes the buck to the people it usually deals with on the publication—the advertising department. If the agency is bolder, it may register a complaint or a request directly with the editorial department.

Either of these actions can be labeled a corrupt act. It is corrupt because it can in certain circumstances and in certain media affect the judgment of those charged with editorial responsibility.

In the final analysis it should be remembered that both the advertiser and the newspaper or magazine have a basic common concern. Both want the newspaper or magazine to be interesting enough to be read enthusiastically.

Nothing is less interesting—and every experienced advertising and editorial man knows this—than the newspaper or magazine that is larded with publicity pieces serving one interest or another. Conversely, stimulating editorial content means that there will be lively readership of advertising.

So advertisers, in the end, have a vested interest in a completely independent press. Any tampering with it by one advertiser is not only a corrupt act. It is self-defeating for all of them.

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Does the Weekly Have a Future?

By BRAD WILLIAMS

IF YOU depended for all your news on one of this nation's more than 8,000 weekly newspapers, chances are that Alan Shepard and Yuri Gagarin would be total strangers to you.

It is precisely because virtually no one *does* depend on one news source these days that once-a-week newspapers can make a living, a very good living in many cases. No other medium concentrates so completely on so much seemingly trivial news, purely local in nature. Few people except weekly editors themselves fully understand this provincialism and the reasons for it.

The local Catholic priest in my town of Oberlin, Ohio, expressed profound shock when the first issue of our weekly Oberlin *News-Tribune* after the death of Pope Pius XII carried not a single line about the event. My explanation that we wouldn't take note of a U. S. President's death either failed to mollify him. He berated us with priestly vigor and no doubt welcomed his transfer some months later out of a town that harbored such narrow-minded, shortsighted newsmen.

The preoccupation of the weekly press with local news may indeed be narrow but as a weekly editor I can testify that it is certainly not shortsighted. The majority of weeklies claim circulations of only from 1,000 to 4,000. The hard economic fact is that they can't afford *not* to confine themselves. Moreover, a diet of so-called "grassroots" news and views is what their readers consume with greatest relish because they can get it nowhere else to such an extent. Readers' appetites for local events, names, and faces can become jaded, but it takes a lot of overdoing.

Dailies know it, too. Some have gone to the extreme of removing all national news from page one and relegating it to a second front page inside. But dailies still have a basic job of reporting to do beyond their city limits. Weeklies do not; they are more magazines than newspapers in the sense that they can limit themselves to one small area and not be dependent for appeal on news from outside it, not even spot news.

At the *News-Tribune*, for example, we are just as addicted to "scoops" as any other newsmen, but we recognize that spot news scoops are rare birds in this era of swept-wing communication. Any one of the four dailies circulated in our community of 6,000 has a six-days-to-one chance of beating us to any local story.

I DO not mean to point to our paper as the "typical" weekly. There is no such animal. Weeklies reflect the communities in which they are published—rural, small city (like ours), county seat, and suburban. They range in size from tiny mimeographed tabloids with circulations barely over 100 to full-size giants like the rotary-press 61,000-circulation Chicago *Southtown Economist*. But a brief look at the *News-Tribune*'s way of handling the news will, I think, suggest certain characteristics of the weekly press as a whole.

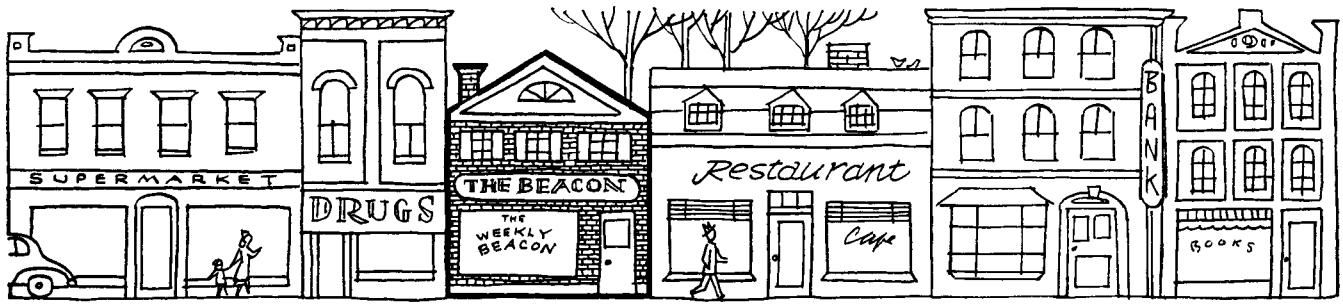
First of all, since we are in an area saturated with daily newspaper coverage, how do we compete?

We take seven days of spot news and assemble it in what we devoutly hope is its "proper" perspective in our community's history. We cover the major stories in depth, digging out facts that will help the reader arrive at the personal significance of each. We freshen up the basically stale news with a clever lead, lively prose, a future angle when possible. (Stories that look ahead are much beloved by weeklies because they create the impression that the paper is up to the minute in its coverage.) We draw on our intimate contact with local people and our closer knowledge of local affairs and background information.

We use local photographs extensively. Few are the Oberlin school children whose faces haven't appeared in the *News-Tribune* at least once. Readers like to see their pictures in the paper and we know that any photo we take ourselves will not appear in any competing paper.

As on dailies, there is a temptation to sensationalize. We resist it. Most weeklies do, mainly because as a reporter you find yourself thinking about your neighbor's reaction to the story. You consider that reaction more carefully than a big-city reporter might because the fellow you're writing about *is* your neighbor in a small town. He can easily vault the hedge and bust you in the snoot if you've treated him with a high hand—or even if you've only published an uncomplimentary letter about him. Pete Paddock, publisher of the Plymouth (Ohio) *Advertiser*, lost several teeth discovering this. Paddock, incidentally, was nominated for a courage-in-journalism award for taking the punch rather than reveal the letter writer's name, and he won a lawsuit to pay for the dental work.

It is the very closeness of the weekly editor to his readers that is his stock in trade. No one in our town is too small to rate a story or too big to avoid the glare of unwanted publicity. "Big" names do not always make the most interesting stories, however. Splashed across the top of page one of a recent issue of the *News-Tribune*, for example, was the "Inside story on what it's like to be a garbageman," complete with a picture of three of Oberlin's finest. What other news medium would bother with a feature story like that, on page one yet! But in our small town, garbage collection is a matter not only of necessity but of interest because it has only recently become a well-organized procedure and because the collectors are more than just anonymous workmen. It must have shaken a few of our sharper readers to discover that one of the



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collectors who visits their homes each week is also a frequent guest at the city jail, his sins of drunkenness and assault being well known to those who peruse the municipal court news.

The society page of this same issue contained the latest in a series on notable Oberlin cooks. It concerned Mrs. Beulah Feakins, duly pictured, and included her prized recipe for pumpkin pie. Had J. Walter Thompson's PR department sent us a superior pumpkin pie recipe (with only the smallest reference to one of its clients' products as an ingredient) it would have landed in the wastebasket. Oberlin people are interested in Mrs. Feakins's pie because they know Mrs. Feakins. When they're interested in just pie, they'll look in a cookbook more readily than they will clip J. Walter's recipe from our page.

We apply this yardstick of human interest to everything we publish. Accustomed to reading only daily newspapers, if you were not a local resident or had no particular interest in our city, you would find nothing in the *News-Tribune* worth a dime—nothing on foreign, national, or state affairs, no comic page, no "name" columnists, no sports news that is not local, no financial page, no radio-TV news, no advice to the lovelorn, no movie news or gossip, no fashions or tips to the homemaker.

The same issue of the *News-Tribune* that reported on the garbagemen and Mrs. Feakins had a fairly representative front page. We chronicled city council's consideration of a potholed street. (Cuban invasions, space flights, the hydrogen bomb have no news value at all when compared with small-town indignation over streets filled with holes.) We took note of an impending public housing survey, important changes in Oberlin's United Appeal by-laws, failure to follow up a dental survey of 90 second-graders, a rumor (false) that a new police chief would soon be hired, council's decision to leave elimination of overhanging signs up to downtown merchants a while longer instead of legislating against them, progress of spring street-cleaning, a strike at a local food market. For pictures we presented no Russians, no Kennedys, no movie stars or murderers; just our sectional champion high school basketball team and the crowd that cheered the boys to victory.

If all this sounds somewhat provincial, it unquestionably is. But those who vaguely view weeklies as pale imitations of dailies, staffed by people who can't cut the mustard in the Big Town, are simply misinformed.

Admittedly, many weeklies lack the polished appearance of a good daily—some because crimped budgets don't permit purchase of new modern type or a bigger, faster press, others because they find satisfaction or identity in being quaint. But there are also weeklies that would surprise you with their sharp reproduction, smart typography, and makeup superior to that of most dailies.

Admittedly, many weeklies employ a writing style that would cost a daily reporter his job—some because their editors have forgotten or never knew how to construct a news story, others because they prefer a highly personalized or unusual style. But for each downright poorly written paper there is an opposite that provides its subscribers with comprehensive and compelling material that is a pleasure to read.

IT is this diversity among weeklies that threatens their future as a medium for national advertising. There was a time, before television, when a weekly could expect as much as several hundred inches of automobile ad mats in the mail each week. In the past few years that bonanza of "plus" linage has been reduced to dust for many papers. A number of factors brought it about. Higher rates in all media, particularly TV, combined with the popularity of placing ads on the basis of cost per thousand readers or viewers, prompted a reassessment of weeklies as a legitimate medium. And the record of the weekly press was not good: poor composition and press work on national ads, inaccurate circulation figures (only fourteen of Ohio's 269 weeklies belong to the Audit Bureau of Circulations), sparse market date, a bad habit of burying nationals in the back of the paper instead of in the "main news section, well forward," as the usual agency request goes.

Weekly Newspaper Representatives Inc., a subsidiary of the National Editorial Association (the majority of whose members are weeklies), has taken on the job of luring national advertisers back in volume and adding some new ones. Through WNR, an agency can place its client's ad in as many weekly papers as it wishes. WNR's sales pitch follows the same line nationally that the weekly's own ad salesman uses on local merchants. It is that a weekly newspaper is not only read more thoroughly than a daily but also in a different manner, offering the advertiser greater exposure to each reader. Surveys show that a weekly comes into the home and stays—for five to seven days. It is picked up and read more than once. It is passed around. Its ads are less likely to be passed over.

WNR is one hope for future growth and prosperity in the weekly field. Press associations that work in combination with WNR to sell ads statewide are

another. Principally, however, the weekly must depend on its own ability to sell itself to local advertisers as the low-price way to achieve saturation coverage of the local market without waste circulation. A merchant who is served by a hometown weekly and a nearby daily can seldom afford to advertise consistently in both. It makes sense for him to use the weekly and pay only to reach the people most likely to buy his goods or services.

The years to come should see the same kind of attrition in the weekly field that is currently more noticeable among dailies. Newspapers generally operate on smaller profit margins than the public thinks. Increases in production costs must be offset by greater increases in ad revenue to maintain the same low margins, or else some way must be found to reduce production costs. Two methods are now getting much attention in the trade: 1) consolidation of production facilities for a number of weeklies in one centrally located plant and 2) offset or "cold type" production. The champions of offset printing contend that it requires a lower initial investment in equipment and—more important to the publisher—it costs less in week-to-week operation.

One encouraging sign for weeklies is the growth of small towns and suburbs. A first-rate weekly in a small community that for one reason or another (geography, natural resources, lack of industry) is not growing is not likely to grow either. A second-rate weekly in a booming little town can survive more easily and even prosper. As our nation's population expands, the surviving dailies are compelled to spread themselves and give less attention to each individual community.

Such a climate is made to order for the purely local weekly newspaper.

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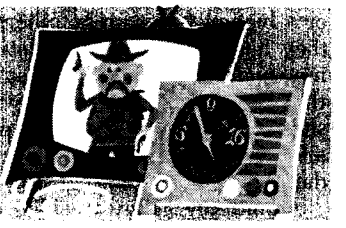

Chairman Minow Unperturbed

PRESIDENT KENNEDY's Plan No. 2 to reorganize the FCC was vetoed recently by the House of Representatives. The veto was widely interpreted as a rebuke to Newton N. Minow, the commission's new chairman. His "vast wasteland" speech at the last convention of the National Association of Broadcasters aroused hostility among many industry leaders. Plan No. 2 would have given the FCC chairman power to assign individual commissioners to judge (among other issues) whether or not a broadcast license should be granted, modified, or renewed. Observers noted that the House did not expect to veto the President's proposals to reorganize other federal regulatory agencies in order to grant the chairmen of these agencies the very powers explicitly denied to Mr. Minow. Broadcasters and the Congressmen who successfully lobbied against Plan No. 2 were clearly afraid that the chairman might "stack" a hearing panel with commissioners or agency staff men who share his tough regulatory attitudes.

Mr. Minow's friends will be glad to know that the alleged punitive counterattack has missed its victim. The youthful chairman's disarming amiability and unequivocal purpose have not been ruffled. I watched him at a recent House hearing and lunched with him afterward. He said he had made no heavy psychological investment in Plan No. 2. Congressmen believed that there were some good legal arguments against the plan. The FCC differs from the other big regulatory agencies in that many of its administrative procedures have already been spelled out in detail. The chairman's position is that he neither courted nor needs the lone-wolf powers of delegation proposed by the President. He wants and badly needs (and the six other commissioners are solidly behind him in this objective) a drastic cutting of the commission's red tape to speed up its administrative procedures. The defeat of Plan No. 2 by no means signifies the end of the commission's hopes in this respect. The Senate and the House are each holding hearings on legislation designed to permit the full commission to delegate routine decisions to discretionary panels which would be composed of commissioners, staff employees, or both. Commissioner Frederick W. Ford (ex-chairman) testified at the House Commerce Committee hearing that the commission's important time is pre-empted by "justice of the peace cases when it should be deliberating on national communications problems."

Under present procedures the full commission must sit "en banc" to decide whether a fishing boat's radio license should be revoked. Mr. Minow pointed out in conversation that the commission is still hearing a case that began in 1947. The docket is often cluttered with "frivolous appeals." The prevailing mood in Congress appears to be that the commission should get some relief. Chairman Minow has cleared the air on this one vital matter. The commission's energies must be allowed to deal with policy making if it is to do its job. Since the day of his appointment, the chairman's time has been almost entirely consumed with testifying at hearings. The public often forgets that broadcasting is only a part of a broad spectrum of communications regulated by the FCC. The problems of space satellite communications and TV allocations are urgent.

The House and Senate measures differ in relatively minor respects. These involve the mandatory or discretionary right of an applicant to have his case reviewed by the full commission after it has been decided by a lower hearing panel. These differences should be expeditiously resolved and the necessary legislation should be passed. The FCC is a child of Congress, and until the commission is given time to deliberate on the fundamental issues, Chairman Minow's promised redemption of broadcasting's "vast wasteland" cannot even begin. This man is neither a tyrant nor a dictator, as some industry spokesman conceive him to be, in their nightmare of sudden shock. He is a brilliant lawyer but no zealot. This is not a Mr. Smith come to Washington. What distinguishes him is that he values "the public philosophy" as much as he does "free enterprise." He hasn't been around Washington long enough to have absorbed the industry afflatus in his bloodstream. My hunch is that he will be around for a long time without absorbing it. He merely takes the Communications Act seriously and believes regulation can be accomplished without the bogeyman of "censorship."

—UPI.

Newton N. Minow — goals for the wasteland.

The two most important considerations, after speeding up the agency's administrative procedure, Mr. Minow said, are intelligent, factual scrutiny by responsible public groups of the performance of broadcasters—and time for the commissioners to think about the long-range shape of broadcasting. An industry representative recently warned the chairman that if he insisted on holding local hearings on license renewals, all he would get would be "crackpots." "If that's what you think," the chairman replied, "you've got a wrong view of your audience." Representative Sidney R. Yates of Illinois met him in the House Office Building and offered to introduce a bill establishing a national citizens advisory group that would help the commission in formulating policy. "That's exactly the kind of a thing we need," the chairman answered. "I'll be glad to serve on it." The industry has opposed such an "audit" group in the past, maintaining that broadcasters are subject to everybody's "review" now. Former Senator William Benton (among others) has often advocated just such a body. Mr. Minow, I infer, would not be opposed to a thorough rewriting of the Communications Act in order to modernize it in the light of experience. He'd want to know precisely what proposals should be made to Congress, though, and to reflect on this would take time. There ought to be an unofficial codicil, if the Act is ever reexamined, permitting the chairman time to think. Until then—it might be a good idea to take a fresh look at William Benton's suggestion.

—Robert Lewis Shayon.

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Letters to the Communications Editor

WHAT SMOKEY BEAR SAVED

As one of the early recipients of benefits from the Advertising Council's public service programs, the Forest Service wishes to commend you for your article "Advertising's Biggest Bargain" [*SR*, June 10]. Communications Editor Richard L. Tobin and writer James F. Fixx have done a fine job in telling the story of the Council's work.

The Smokey Bear Program was started in the spring of 1942 to counteract the loss of trained fire fighters to the Armed Services, and to alert the public to the disastrous effect that destruction of timber resources would have on the war effort. As a measure of its success, the number of man-caused fires has been cut in half over the past twenty years, despite great increases in use of our forests. The acreage burned has been reduced from 30,000,000 acres a year to less than 4,000,000 acres.

A large part of this success may be credited to the sponsorship of the Advertising Council and to their appointed coordinator, Russ Eller of Sunkist Growers. Also contributing are the volunteer agencies of Foote, Cone and Belding and, more recently, Liller, Neal, Battle, and Lindsay.

As partners in this venture, the Association of State Foresters and the Forest Service appreciate your interest in the Advertising Council and its programs. We are confident that its future work will provide an equally effective public service.

Richard E. McArdle, Chief,
U.S. Department of Agriculture
Forest Service.
Washington, D. C.

Re James F. Fixx's report on the endeavors of the Advertising Council: They merit praise in part but when Mr. Fixx becomes statistical he fails to cause any goose-pimples on this old carcass, which, in fifty years of ad-living, was early warned to watch his statistics, as: claiming to have saved 16,000 jaywalkers and others, and $10 billion in timber.

An ad man may write that a shirt has "987,000 tiny windows" to keep one cool, and Floridians will buy that, but they sniff at the Council's timber claim. In 1932 Florida was a lush pine- and palm-decorated frontier land. Today the timber burners, aided by Northern cigarette tossers, have made the land look like a Sahara. For several years after World War I, I attended National Safety Council conventions. We were the daddios of safety slogans directed at workers, jaywalkers, and speed maniacs doing 35 mph up main streets and scaring Dobbins. Have we arrived anywhere other than underground or in police court?

In a confused, frustrated society what member, venturing forth of a morning, can hang on to a slogan when, in the first mile, his cerebral area is battered by (up to) 1,200 signs, slogans, legends, plus at least a dozen arm-waving gendarmes? Onward, Advertising Councilors, but avoid unsubstantiated figures that sound as if uttered by Mort Sahl. Leave the statistics to us admen.

Louis D'Armand.
Clearwater Beach, Fla.

RATING THE PRESS SURVEY

The article reporting journalism teachers' rating of American newspapers was interesting as far as it went. It presented some useful comments on and criticism of publications considered to be leading U. S. newspapers. *SR* has performed a valuable service in sponsoring it. But the survey also disclosed an interesting fact which was not particularly emphasized in the article—and this was that only four of the 119 newspapers about which the journalism professors were questioned had been read by more than half of them in the preceding four weeks. This fact clearly suggests, I think, the need for a further effort to compare the performance of newspapers on a national scale in order to arrive at another judgment as to which are the "best" papers.

In various polls the same newspapers have been turning up for years, with only occasional variations in the order of listing. Perhaps most of them deserve it. But how do we really know? If a real new star in the newspaper firmament has been born, it may not even have been seen by the people polled. Or if an old newspaper has vastly brightened in appearance, its change may not have come to the attention of the scanners.

Newspaper reading is largely a matter of habit. Readers choose their papers in accordance with geographical interests and with a fixed pattern of likes and dislikes. And I suspect that this is even true of journalism teachers, though perhaps to a lesser extent than with the average reader. In any event, there was no guarantee in a poll such as yours that all the papers of more than 100,000 circulation were being fairly judged, or that they were even being judged at all.

A further evaluation of the 119 papers in this category would be very useful. I would suggest that it be planned in advance and done on a systematic basis. The task would probably be beyond the resources of a single magazne. But such a survey on a limited scale should be within the bounds of possibility for a school of journalism, or at least a group of them working in concert. The papers could be divided into, say, five geographical groups of twenty papers each and one group with nineteen papers. One or more schools of journalism in each region could assume the job of watching the papers in that region for a given period — say three months. A set of objective criteria for judging the papers might be prescribed by the sponsoring school with advisory memorandums for applying the criteria being sent out to judges by a coordinating committee as major issues in the news arose. Admittedly the criteria would have to be limited—perhaps to: 1) space devoted to a few national and world issues deemed important, 2) play given these issues, 3) objective treatment, 4) factual accuracy, 5) trenchant editorializing (not necessarily in accord with the judges' views).

There would inevitably be some degree of subjective judgment in applying such criteria. But a survey of this kind based on regular and purposeful observance of performance should be far better than those based on a kind of erratic hindsight.

This proposed survey might even be the first cooperative venture which schools of journalism might undertake as an experimental project preparatory to setting up a permanent institute to observe and report on the performance of the press. Such an institute, or commission, has been repeatedly recommended (Dr. Robert Hutchins being one of the staunchest advocates). But as much as it is needed, it has never been organized. One school of journalism would not have the funds to establish a national press institute. Nor would it have the strength to withstand the inevitable counterattack from the press. In union, however, there might be sufficient resources and stamina to take on the job. I hope the American Association of Schools and Departments of Journalism may consider such an idea.

John Lofton,
Institute for Communication Research,
Stanford University.
Stanford, Calif.

Saturday Review has come a long way in the last few years— for although it has been accepted reading for my discriminating wife for some years, only recently has it so matured out of its respected and historic image that I find myself impelled to read it quite thoroughly because of its broad and provocative content.

This comment is prompted by my completion of your recently published articles recapitulating your survey of the American newspaper. The survey was timely and worth while—albeit energy-consuming and admittedly frustrating for its participating judges. Still, there should have been no grousing by these professionals as to the task itself, for most of this knowledgeable coterie have subjected many other professionals—practitioners and students alike—to tasks less capable of public service benefit. (Interestingly enough, I find myself in substantial disagreement in several instances with their combined statistically reported judgment as to the "best.")

In my view, the project was worth the doing, as no communications force can fulfil its public function well unless someone takes stock of its product outside of the "counting house," whether that be

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interpreted as circulation, advertising, or financial success.

You might well consider surveying other mass media that make up modern journalism, though the problems in conducting such surveys would be very appreciable.

GEORGE FOX MOTT, Editor,
New Survey of Journalism.
Washington, D. C.

SOME TIME BACK, *Harper's* commenced a much-touted series of newspaper reviews, which petered out after the first. The idea, though, was good, and I think it almost necessary to the idea of a free press that there be a continuous review and criticism of our newspapers.

A. J. Leibling, of course, did an excellent job on the press as a whole in the *New Yorker,* but a more individualized type of reviewing is needed.

SR, as one of the few popular journals of criticism left, is uniquely suited for the job, and I hope to see press reviews continue as a regular feature.

ROBERT KERNISH.
Philadelphia, Pa.

QUERY: Are our newspapers any better since we have had schools of journalism?

BARRY STEVENS.
Berkeley, Calif.

LET ME MAKE two or three suggestions that may help readers of *SR* to continue the complex process of evaluating the press.

First, news cannot be printed without room in which to print it. There are no chase-stretchers around, except when print shops break in new boys who need to be sent to search for them. *Media Records,* however, does compile the amount of news hole (rather ungracefully called "unpaid content") in the major American newspapers. You will find that the percentage of news to advertising has been declining; but some publishers have increased the bulk content of news more than others. A study of these trends, by specific papers, over the past ten years would be illuminating. It would be interesting to know whether monopoly (pardon me, single ownership) results in increased or decreased volume of news. This is a quantitative measure, not a qualitative one, but one that has not had enough consideration except by editors out of space.

Second, it seems to me that some consideration should be given to the matter of "labels" in reporting. You no doubt have winced as I have on hearing a radio bulletin that the Midwest "is swept by floods." No such thing happened: a certain number of square miles were under three inches to three feet of water. The same thing happens in political stories. Men are conservatives and liberals. As a case in point, the late Senator Taft was a conservative; but wait a minute, was he on education? Press association leads are full of the generalization instead of the specific fact. Have someone who is a patient and persistent newspaper reader keep this fact in mind and clip some examples. I am sure you would find interest from all.

Third, there is need for an evaluation of excellence and completeness in local reporting. I do not know how you do this, but this need is very real, and much of the greatness of a newspaper rests on its daily devotion to the people it serves. There is nothing either trivial or wrong about this. As a matter of fact, local reporting is the one quality that still belongs, with little challenge, to the newspaper. Washington, international, and national stories are covered by press associations, networks, magazines. But when you ask, in a survey, "Where do you get local news?" the percentage replying "newspapers" jumps greatly.

Fourth, it might be stimulating for you to ask your readers to report to *SR* the programs and projects of their newspapers which seem to them to be of particular merit and worthy of repetition elsewhere. I can name two, as examples only. One, the Minneapolis *Star*'s "Program of Information About World Affairs," which has brought a practical teaching program into the classrooms to be used by more than

a million students in the past decade. It is unmatched anywhere in the United States, to my knowledge, and credit for it should go to the genius of Gideon Seymour, who died in 1954. A second: this past year the Houston *Chronicle* offered the people of Houston an opportunity to attend a Dollar Symphony—the Houston orchestra, under a top conductor, playing a serious program of symphony music at $1 per person. The three concerts were attended by 7,600, 7,900, and 9,000 people—each concert drawing better than the previous ones. Needless to say, the *Chronicle* welcomes the chance to repeat this opportunity to Houstonians next year.

WILLIAM P. STEVENS, Editor,
Houston *Chronicle.*
Houston, Tex.

SATURDAY REVIEW is to be congratulated for its conscientious attempt to obtain a consensus among deans and professors of journalism on the merits of American newspapers. Of particular value, we believe, is the exploration of criteria used in evaluating newspapers.

We also are impressed by your candor in devoting more than two columns in the June 10 issue to comments of respondents who questioned the validity of this or any attempt to arrive at over-all merit ratings. A newspaper's effectiveness in meeting the needs of a particular community, of course, is difficult to judge without intimate knowledge of the community concerned.

In the single area of layout and typography, to which your respondents gave very substantial weight in their ratings, we have developed a method of evaluation that gives the smaller papers an opportunity to compete for awards on equal terms with big metropolitan dailies. In the Annual Newspaper Contest for the Ayer Cup and other awards, which we have conducted since 1931, we divide the newspapers into three circulation classes (less than 10,000, 10-50,000, and above 50,000), and award first, second, and third honorable mentions in each. There also is a class for tabloids, regardless of circulation, in which one honorable mention is awarded. The Ayer Cup goes to the one best newspaper, without regard to classification. Total entries this year were 842.

The judges generally are an expert in layout and typography, a leading designer, and a "public" figure who has a background in journalism. For the 1961 competition they were Allen Hurlburt, art director and typographer of *Look* magazine, Herbert Bayer, noted designer and fine artist, and Dr. Earl English, dean of the University of Missouri School of Journalism.

This method has produced a significant result. For five consecutive years, 1956 through 1960, the Ayer Cup was won by newspapers of less than 40,000 circulation, and in three of those years the winner was in the less-than-10,000 class. In the sixteen years since World War II, small-city dailies have won the cup nine times.

The other side of the coin, of course, is the fact that the New York *Herald Tribune,* 1961 winner, has taken the cup on ten occasions and the *Times* on six since 1931. However, they are being faced with increasingly stiff competition from such papers as the Rutland (Vermont) *Herald,* Emporia (Kansas) *Gazette,* Goshen (Indiana) *News,* and other fine smaller newspapers.

We believe that by focusing attention on newspaper typography, layout, and printing, the contest has contributed to a dramatic improvement in the appearance and readability of American newspapers over the last three decades.

ROBERT VAN RIPER, Director,
Information Services,
N. W. Ayer & Sons Inc.
Philadelphia, Pa.

PULITZER PRIZE PHOTOS

MARGARET R. WEISS's "One for the Money" [*SR,* Mar. 11] adds to the many odd misunderstandings about the Pulitzer Prize for news photography.

From serving on five Pulitzer Prize juries I can state that there are at least a dozen errors of fact in this article. Some of these vitiate the writer's principal thesis—that the rules of the award limit the entries and the winners largely to single pictures of one type.

For example, Miss Weiss states that Max Desfor was selected as the 1951 prize winner "on the strength of a single shot, but an extraordinary portfolio of more than sixty pictures covering the entire Korean activity attested to the high quality of his

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work as a whole." Exactly the reverse is true! The citation reads: "To Max Desfor, for his photographic coverage of the Korean War, an outstanding example of which is . . ."

As a matter of fact, of the seventeen winners since 1942, two were sequences, one was for a portfolio, one was for a staff entry of forty-two photographs, and one was split between two photographers. The Advisory Board, which recommends the winners after screening by a jury, never has felt bound to restrict the award to a single picture. Since 1957 the rules have made it clear that a "news photograph, *or photographs*" would be considered. This opens the contest to picture pages, photo essays, portfolios, and staff presentations as well as to single pictures.

Miss Weiss reviews criticism that the awards have overemphasized pictures of violence, tragedy, and disaster as well as rewarding the accidental shot and glorifying the lucky scoop.

This charge simply will not stand up. Review the winning pictures and you will see that most of them came out of intelligent, professional coverage of big assignments—two wars, a football game, a strike, an air show. Several of them were examples of one man excelling his competitors on an assignment, as did Nat Fein of the New York *Herald Tribune* in his memorable picture of Babe Ruth's farewell. Much big news and most memorable spot news photographs involve disaster and violence. Ironically, the two prize winners that were on the humorous side ("Adlai Bares His Sole" and "Faith and Confidence") have been criticized as merely good feature shots.

Even the most vocal critics of the Pulitzer Prize for photography concede that the seventeen awards to date make an impressive gallery. Many of them already have taken their place in the slim portfolio of all-time "greats," the almost unattainable freezing of the "exact instant."

Miss Weiss's article refers to two constructive suggestions:

1. That the award be described as a "distinguished" example (as is done with other newspaper prizes) instead of merely "outstanding."

2. That two awards be made, as is done for reporting—recognizing the difference between work done under deadline pressure and stories written when time was no factor.

What the Pulitzer picture competition needs most of all is the regular participation by every picture-minded newspaper organization, and assurance that the jurors get to see every notable news picture. Although invitations are mailed to all newspapers and picture agencies, I know that many fine pictures each year cannot be considered for the simple reason that they are not entered.

VINCENT S. JONES,
Executive Editor,
Gannett Newspapers.

Rochester, N. Y.

CONTRARY TO Mr. Jones's appraisal, "One for the Money" actually represented many weeks of careful research and documentation.

When he refers to "at least a dozen errors of fact" (which unfortunately he fails to enumerate), I'm afraid he hasn't distinguished between fact and opinion. The various opinions quoted in the article were those given to the writer verbally or taken from already published statements. Naturally, these opinions included criticisms—and Mr. Jones has a right to disagree with them or call them "errors" if he chooses.

For the record, Max Desfor's "Misery on the March"—a single picture—is cited as the winner for 1951 in the official brochure of the Pulitzer Prize Committee.

If any inaccuracies were perpetuated in the material presented—though I admit I am at a loss to know just what they might be—they still in no way "vitiate" the basic and quite factual thesis of the article: the award system for news photography is not the same as for the seven other journalism classifications and needs revision to bring it in line with the scope and significance of today's photojournalism.

May I add that I agree with Mr. Jones's conclusion—and suggest that a possible reason for newspapers' failure to participate in nominations may well be dissatisfaction with the present award system!

MARGARET R. WEISS.

New York, N. Y.

I SHOULD LIKE to compliment you on Margaret Weiss's Pulitzer Prize article, which was an excellently balanced report. Had I written it, it would have been far less temperate, since it is quite obvious to all but the press politicians that the awards for news photographs over the years have done nothing to raise the level of photojournalism in America. It remains true that the Pulitzer committee has placed a premium on violence and horror as a measure of achievement in press photography and this year went all the way to Japan to glorify Yasushi Nagao's gruesome assassination picture. Nagao's picture certainly has merit as an achievement in controlled response in the presence of tragic violence, but it is justifiable to raise questions: Should the Pulitzer committee honor such pictures, thus holding them up as ideals for student photojournalists to aspire to? What, indeed, do such pictures prompt young photojournalists to aspire to beyond the luck to be on the scene of similar disasters someday? If that's the extent of the Pulitzer committee's contribution to the advancement of photojournalism, it certainly has not fulfilled its responsibility.

BRUCE DOWNES,
Editor and Publisher,
Popular Photography.

New York, N. Y.

"ONE FOR THE MONEY" is one for *my* money. It's an extremely sound, well-presented picture of the shortcomings of the Pulitzer Prize system of awards.

Professional photojournalists feel that amateur one-shots or accidental shots have no place among Pulitzer nominations. The emphasis should remain on the working

"Now that we've learned to talk, what'll we talk about?"

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news photographer—whose function today encompasses just as many diverse classifications as that of the word-reporter.

JOSEPH COSTA,
Chairman of the Board,
National Press
Photographers Association.
New York, N. Y.

ANY MEXICAN WAR PHOTOS?

IN YOUR ARTICLE "Field Photojournalism's First" [*SR*, June 10] you mention that ". . . an unknown daguerreotypist made several campaign pictures during the Mexican War."

I assume that you had in mind the eight tintypes arranged in a wooden cabinet and now in the Beinecke collection in the Americana section of the Yale Library in New Haven, the best known of which is the one of General Wool and his staff in the street scene at Saltillo.

Until last month, when I visited the Yale Library in company with Dr. Edward Wallace, an eminent authority and writer on the Mexican War, I did not know of any other scenes made during that war, other than the one of Wool and his staff. There are, of course, several daguerreotype portraits of that period.

As an amateur collector and student of that war I have been trying for the past two or three years to find some trace of just the sort of pictures you describe. I have reasoned that since that one picture of Wool was made, there must have been others. Jacob Oswandel, in his memoirs, describes how itinerant tintype photographers accompanied General Scott on his advance from Vera Cruz to Mexico City. I have been unable to unearth any such pictures in either the National Archives or the New York Public Library.

If you or one of your readers has knowledge of any photographic scenes of the Mexican War, other than those I have mentioned as being in the Beinecke collections, I will be very much indebted to you if you will be so kind as to inform me where they are located.

GEORGE M. RASCOE.
San Francisco, Calif.

WRONG IMPRESSION?

I AM CONCERNED that the article "The All-News Radio Station," by Ed Salzman [*SR*, May 13], may leave a few incorrect impressions with your readers. First, the idea that "double billing" is widespread throughout the radio industry. This occurs at very few stations and the impression that Mr. Salzman leaves that this is widespread is incorrect. The second area is the "trade deal." Again, I know of very few instances of this and it is not as widespread as Mr. Salzman indicates in his article.

TIMOTHY R. IVES, Sales Manager,
WJBC—Bloomington
Broadcasting Corp.
Bloomington, Ill.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column Two should read: 11, 5, 9, 14, 13, 2, 1, 3, 6, 4, 7, 8, 12, 10.

F.D.R.

Continued from page 10

specialists on the Caucasus and Soviet Central Asia.

At midnight Dr. Yakobson brought me a brilliant detailed summary on Birobidzhan, its area of 13,820 square miles and population of 100,000, its history since 1934 and the Jewish colonization experiment, which failed despite its great agricultural potential because the Jews moved from the farms to become merchants in the capital city of Birobidzhan. Before dawn the complete raw data and photographs were spread out on the dining room table in my little Georgetown house, where we worked steadily for several hours.

At 9 a.m. we met our senior researchers and analysts in the Library of Congress to make the final selections and editorial revisions. The final typing began at noon, while I worked on the one-page summary and three following pages of an expanded summary. The table of contents listed the title of each of the sixty maps we had selected. At 5 p.m. I delivered the little black book to Grace Tully in the White House. For the tired staff of "M" Project the following day became a private and well-earned holiday. Later that week, everyone knew the conference was to be held in Tehran.

A FEW days after the President's return from Tehran, Grace called me to say, "The Boss asked me to tell you that your black book proved most helpful on one occasion."

That was all I ever learned. The security restrictions placed on this material, which is now in the Franklin Delano Roosevelt Library at Hyde Park, have prevented my learning more.

Less than two years later, in July of 1945, I watched Stalin, Molotov, and Voroshilov enter the magnificent St. George's Banquet Hall in the Kremlin. Dressed in a dove-gray uniform of perfect cut and shining black boots, with a single medal on his chest (in contrast to all the other Russians at the high table), the Marshal sat quietly, often with eyes downcast, through dinner and the interminable speeches. The 2,000 guests, including 142 foreigners, were celebrating the 220th anniversary of the founding of the Academy of Sciences by Peter the Great. President Truman had sent sixteen U.S. scientists in a special plane from New York to Tehran, where the Russians met us and flew us on to Moscow.

As I watched Stalin's face during the long banquet, I wondered what homework he had done for the Tehran Conference. Probably history will never tell us.

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- What is the ONE single factor that can slash your travel costs not by just $10 or $20 but by hundreds of dollars? (Even by thousands on longer trips?)
- What are the smaller everyday travel cost cutters that slash $3 here, $5 there, $10 or so a day?
- When is it downright expensive to tour Europe by rail instead of in your private car?
- Which are the hotels all over the world to shun, which the ones to seek?

No matter how often you have traveled, you will find IT'S CHEAPER TO TRAVEL, Norman Ford's 175 page collection of magical travel cost-cutters, a real eye-opener. For what you don't know about travel is often the very thing which makes travel too expensive—and the more you do know, the bigger your savings and the more exciting and absorbing is your trip.

Norman Ford's very first chapter, "What Makes Travel Expensive?", gives you many a jolt as you see how much you could have slashed off your expenses on past trips, and a much happier feeling as you see how much you can save on future trips. Page after page gives real help: when air travel gives you more than you paid for; what's the best way to travel by steamer; what are the dangers in pay-later plans; where and how, even today, you can save on foreign exchange; and a hundred other new ways to knock dollars off your travel costs.

IT'S CHEAPER TO TRAVEL is a handbook on the very fundamentals of travel, getting down to rockbottom with such ideas as how to get the right background for your trip (no, that doesn't save money, but it makes your dollar do two dollars' work as you travel). There's so much more—preparations to make, health measures, clothes to take, how experts tip, etc., etc.

Remember, what you DO know about travel can be just the very thing to make your trip much, much less expensive. So get this money-saving guide to the art of traveling at stay-at-home prices or even less. Send $1.50 for your copy of IT'S CHEAPER TO TRAVEL.

WHERE TO RETIRE OR VACATION

at what look like prewar prices—and where no one ever heard of nerves or worries

These Are America's Own Bargain Paradises

Norman Ford's new book **Off-the-Beaten Path** names the really low cost Florida retirement and vacationing towns, the best values in Texas, the Southwest, California, the South and East, Canada—and a dozen other areas which the crowds have not yet discovered.

Fabulous places like that undiscovered region where winters are as warm and sunny as Miami Beach's yet costs can be two-thirds less. Or that island that looks like Hawaii yet is 2,000 miles nearer (no expensive sea or air trip to get there). Or those many other low-cost exquisitely beautiful spots all over the United States and Canada which visitors in-a-hurry overlook (so costs are low and stay low).

Every page of **Off-the-Beaten Path** opens a different kind of vacationing or retirement paradise which you can afford—places as glamorous as far-off countries yet every one of them located right near at hand. Like these:

- France's only remaining outpost in this part of the world—completely surrounded by Canadian territory . . . or a village more Scottish than Scotland . . . or age-old Spanish hamlets right in our own U.S. where no one ever heard of nervous tension or the worries of modern day life.
- Resort villages where visitors come by the score, so you always meet new people . . . (but they never come by the thousands to raise prices or crowd you out).
- That remarkable town where a fee of 3¢ a day gives you an almost endless round of barbecues, musicals, concerts, picnics, pot luck suppers, smorgasbord dinners and a fine arts program. That southern island first discovered by millionaires who had all the world to roam in . . . and now their hideaways are open to anyone who knows where to find them.

You read of island paradises aplenty in the United States and Canada, of art colonies (artists search for picturesque locations where costs are low!), of areas with almost a perfect climate or with flowers on every side. Here are the real U.S.A.-brand Shangri-Las made for the man or woman who's had enough of crowds. Here, too, are unspoiled seashore villages, tropics-like islands, and dozens of other spots just about perfect for your retirement or vacation at some of the lowest prices you've heard of since the gone-forever prewar days. They're all in the United States and Canada, and for good measure you also read about the low-cost paradises in Hawaii, the Virgin Islands and Puerto Rico.

Off-the-Beaten Path is a big book filled with facts that open the way to freedom from tension and a vacation or retirement you can really afford. About 100,000 words and plenty of pictures. Yet it costs only $2.

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I have enclosed $ ..... (cash, check or money order). Please send me the books I have checked below. YOU WILL REFUND MY MONEY IF I AM NOT SATISFIED.

☐ **It's Cheaper To Travel**—The guide to traveling at stay-at-home prices. $1.50.

☐ **Mexico—Where Everything Costs Less.** $1.50.

☐ **Today's Best Buys in Travel** (what are the bargains travel-wise Americans have discovered?). $1.50.

☐ **Travel Routes Around the World** (where to travel by freighter). $1.

☐ **Off-the-Beaten Path**—these are America's own bargain paradises. $2.00.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1424

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

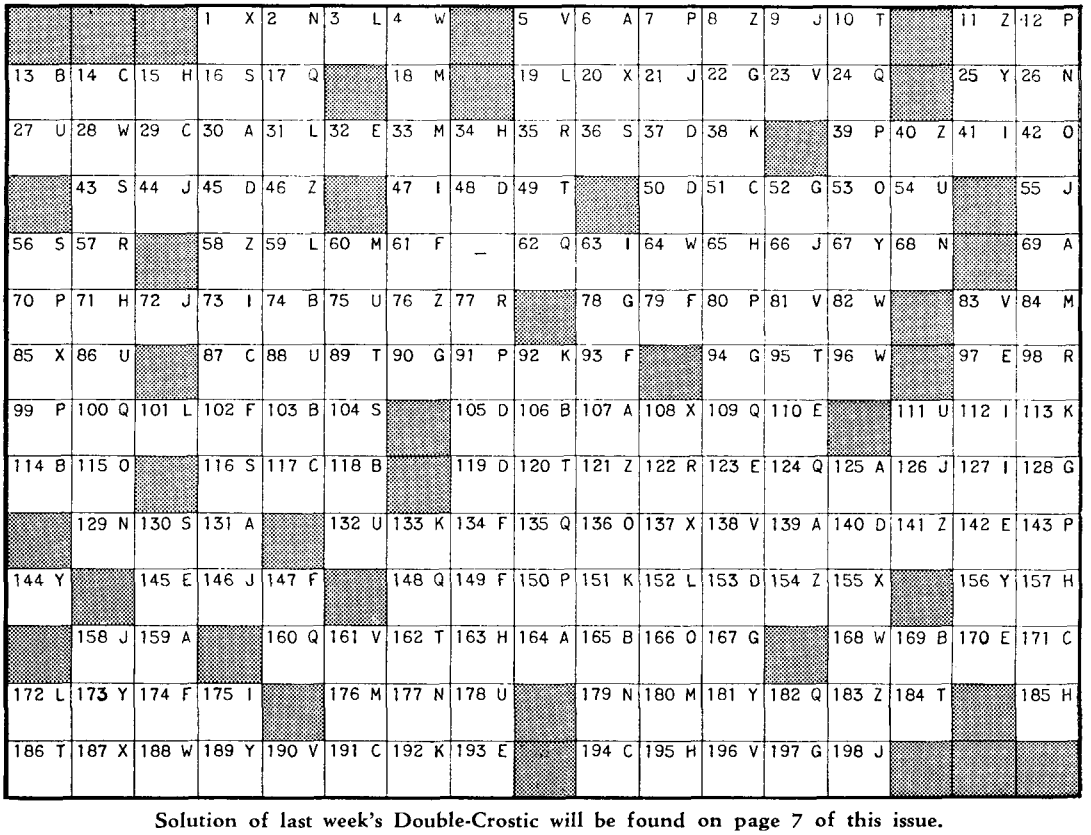
By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Efficient; striking; equipped.	131 30 159 139 107 125 6 69 164
B. Flushed.	74 169 13 114 103 165 106 118
C. Definite lofty social position, determined by birth and gentle training.	117 191 194 51 171 29 87 14
D. Ancient name of York, England.	45 105 37 48 50 140 153 119
E. Relating to the arrangement of atoms in space.	193 123 110 32 142 97 145 170
F. David Copperfield's young lawyer friend.	134 102 149 147 61 79 174 93
G. Voussoir; famous constabulary of the silent movies.	22 197 167 78 94 52 90 128
H. Emblem on a service flag for each member who has died (2 wds.).	185 195 71 163 157 65 34 15
I. Spanish near-lawyer often eaten in salad.	73 127 63 41 47 175 112
J. Comfortable and informal male costume any time between sunset and dawn.	146 158 72 66 9 198 44 126 21 55
K. Early device subsequently improved into the vernier.	38 113 133 151 192 92
L. Special function of the Liveried Frog and Fish in "Alice in Wonderland".	101 31 59 152 19 172 3
M. Perspicacity.	18 176 60 33 180 84
N. Chaucer's Inn at Southwark (after "The").	129 177 179 2 26 68

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
O. Titular little hero of sad drama by Ibsen.	42 115 136 166 53
P. An enveloping structure.	80 12 143 39 7 70 150 99 91
Q. Embryology's word for the somatic stratum of the mesoderm.	160 17 62 124 148 182 24 100 135 109
R. French philosopher and critic whose given names were Hippolyte Adolphe (1828-93).	35 98 122 77 57
S. Rather hearty and elaborate afternoon meal (2 wds.).	130 36 16 56 43 104 116
T. One protection against glare.	49 89 120 10 95 186 162 184
U. In Greek antiquity, a rectangular cloth draped over left shoulder and wound about the body.	88 75 111 27 54 132 86 178
V. What the timid are admonished to keep stiff (2 wds.).	161 81 138 23 196 190 83 5
W. Place for growth and training.	28 64 168 82 96 188 4
X. Part over a doorway essential in old spy stories.	85 187 20 155 137 108 1
Y. Trollope's "Lady" whom he called "a second Becky Sharp".	144 189 173 25 156 181 67
Z. Home of Wordsworth from 1813-50 (2 wds.).	154 46 121 76 58 183 8 11 40 141

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 7 of this issue.

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Dancing is really part of Hawaii . . . like laughter. We dance to Hawaiian music, the latest hit tunes, Dixieland . . . you name it, we have it. No finer dance orchestras.

Vacation on Kauai, the Garden Island. If you like tropical flowers and spectacular scenery, make Kauai your first Island side trip. This is the island other islanders visit for beauty.

You'll love Waikiki Beach. Everyone does. Palm trees along the shore . . . old Diamond Head . . . the surf. Nothing like it. And wait 'til I take you on an outrigger canoe ride!

Ever see a "tame" volcano? This is snow-capped Mauna Kea on Hawaii, the "Big Island." And when you're here, I'll show you tree fern forests, orchid and coffee farms.

"We'll be seeing you soon in the Islands of Hawaii"

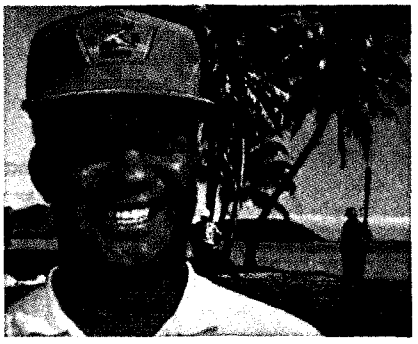
Has Statehood Changed Hawaii? Not for the visitor. It's still just 4½ smooth hours by jet from the Pacific Coast ($266 round trip) or a 4½ day vacation cruise by luxury liner ($380 round trip). Currency and language? Pure U.S.A. . . . Drinking water? Likewise. Passports, visas and shots? None. Costs? Hotel rooms from $5 to $30 per day. Stay long enough to see all the islands.

The weather is fine any month of the year—about 74° average. Travel light—buy reasonable "island things" when you arrive. Many fine new hotels and hotel additions give you a wide choice of accommodations and assurance of no waiting for rooms. . . . All things considered . . .

Isn't this your year to visit Hawaii?

Hawaii's colorful pageant, Aloha Week, is October 14-21

Do you enjoy exotic eating places? Hawaii has many. Some Oriental, like this tea house. Some in tropical gardens. Some by the seashore. Fine steak houses and hotel dining too!



Did you ever hit a tee shot through a rainbow? I have, right on this seaside course. But *you'll* want to play *all* the Island courses. Good golf with lots of variety.

Romantic and colorful Old Hawaii is never far from your modern hotel here on Maui. You'll want to see Haleakala Crater, lovely Hana, historic Lahaina. Maui welcomes you.

In Honolulu's Bishop Museum you can trace Hawaiian history from stone age to statehood. Then see where Hawaiian history was made, and enjoy gay Polynesian pageantry.

Here's a bit of modern Hawaii. This is part of the business side of the 50th state, where construction topped $275 million in 1960. Investment opportunities? I found many.

The first thing most visitors do is get out of tight fitting mainland clothes into comfortable things like these. As colorful as the Islands themselves, where they're made.

See Your Travel Agent, Airline or Steamship Representative or Write **HAWAII VISITORS BUREAU** 2051 Kalakaua Ave., Dept.K, Honolulu, Hawaii • Offices in New York, Chicago, San Francisco

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